

A Modern English Reader

FOR

Matriculation Classes

J. S. Armour, M. A.

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A MODERN ENGLISH READER

FOR

MATRICULATION CLASSES

BY

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PREFACE

The standard of difficulty of the selections in this book is that of the Matriculation and School Leaving Certificate Examinations. It may be suitably prescribed, therefore, for either of these Examinations. It is also suitable as a simple Reader of the kind which is now being regularly included in Courses of Study for the Intermediate Arts and Science Examinations of Indian Universities. The slight sketches here given of such universally celebrated personages as Griselda, Robinson Crusoe, Sir Roger de Coverley, Dandie Dinmont, Meg Merrilies, and Dominie Sampson, little Oliver and Bill Sikes, Drake and Clive, may, it is hoped, send the young student in search of their complete portraits.

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A TALE FROM CHAUCER

THE PATIENT GRISELDA

Towards the western border of Italy, nestling at the foot of snow-clad Monte Viso, there lies a fertile district, dotted with townlets and castles, called Saluzzo. Early in the Middle Ages the ruler of this land was Count Walter of Saluzzo, a young, handsome, and popular noble, who enjoyed as high descent as any ruler in Lombardy, and passed in sport and pleasure the ordinary life of the time, secure in the loyalty of his subjects. In one matter alone did he give them concern: he refused to get married.

One day a deputation of his people came to him; and their spokesman, "that wisest was in lore," rehearsed to him the advantages of marriage.

• "Bow your neck under that blissful yoke,
Of sovereignty, not of service,
Which that men call espousal or wedlock,"

said he, "while you are yet young, and make your subjects happy." The old man went on to propose that, if necessary, the deputation would even make choice of a bride for the Count, who would be of a descent and nobility equal to his own.

Count Walter was greatly impressed by the humility and sincerity of their bearing, and after a little thought named a day a month ahead, upon which he promised to

celebrate his marriage. "But," said he, "as regards your proposal to select my bride,

Let me alone in choosing of my wife,
That charge upon my back I will endure;
But I you pray, and charge upon your life,
That what wife I do take, you me assure
To worship her, while that her life endure,
In word and work, both here and everywhere,
As she an Emperor's daughter were."

The deputation gladly pledged their word to honour in every way Count Walter's choice, and went off highly satisfied to their homes.

As the appointed day drew near, there was a great amount of speculation amongst the people regarding the Count's bride. Where would he find her? From which of the great families of Italy would he make his choice? But, as a matter of fact, Count Walter had already decided this question to his own satisfaction, and he had found a wife no farther off than a village two miles at most from his palace.

This village, which was little more indeed than a hamlet, was inhabited by poor peasants, whose sole wealth lay in their fields and cattle. The poorest of them all was an old man called Janicula. But since Almighty God can send his grace to even the lowliest hut, so this old man had been blessed with a daughter. Her name was Griselda, and she was fair to view, virtuous, temperate, and innocent. A hard-working girl, she had little leisure

for vain thoughts; all her care was to cherish her old father and look after him well. Count Walter had frequently noticed her in the fields as he rode by a-hunting; the oftener he observed her the more was he assured of her modesty, beauty, and true womanliness; and he had made up his mind that she, and no other, would be his wife.

Upon the wedding morn, therefore, he set out for Janicula's cottage accompanied by the noblest and loveliest of his courtiers, "with many a sound of sundry melody", bearing with him rich garments and

"Gems, set in gold and in azure,
Brooches and rings, for Griselda's sake;"

while at the palace workmen were putting the finishing touches to the magnificent decorations which would greet the Countess's entry.

Griselda meanwhile was busily engaged in her house-work, hoping to be finished in time to go with her companions to view the wedding-day celebrations. Suddenly she heard her name called from the door-way. Looking up she saw Count Walter standing there; and she fell upon her knees to know his will. Speaking thoughtfully and deliberately he asked the girl to summon her father; then, taking the old man by the hand, he said, "Janicula, I can no longer hide the desire of my heart. If you are willing, before I leave this cottage I shall take your daughter for my wife, to the end of life, for better or worse". The old man was almost too astonished to

speak, but at last he replied, "You are my dear liege lord, whom I obey in everything. Do as you desire."

The Count then turned to Griselda, who was standing by with pale face and startled eyes.

"Griselda," said he, "I should like you to understand that I wish to make you my wife and that your father consents. Are you willing to entrust yourself to me, submitting to all my desires, obeying me in all things, come weal, come woe?"

"My lord," replied the maiden in tremulous tones, "I am unworthy to be your wife, but as you desire it, I agree to it.

And here I swear that never willingly
In work or thought will I you disobey,
Even to be dead, though I am loath to die."

"Enough, Griselda mine," cried Count Walter; and he led her outside and took her hand before all the people.

"This is my wife, who stands beside me," he cried; "honour and love her as you honour and love me."

Griselda was next attired in the rich wedding garments brought for her; jewels and ornaments adorned her; and on her glorious hair a coronet was set. Scarcely did the people know her in her transformed loveliness. Then the Count married her with his family ring, set her upon a snow-white horse, and conducted her to the royal palace, amid the welcoming shouts of the populace.

It was soon seen that the new Countess possessed qualities of heart and mind which enabled her to fill her

strange position as to the manner born. Her charity, prudence, kindness, and virtue gained for her the love and reverence of all her subjects. Nor was her high reputation confined to Saluzzo :

“ So spread of her high bounty the fame,
That men and women, as well young as old,
Go to Saluzzo, upon her to behold.”

Thus was Count Walter fortunately married ; and, as time went on, and Griselda's grace became more fully evident, the Count was reckoned prudent above most, in that he had perceived “ that under low degree was often virtue hid ”.

The first child of their union was a girl. After it was weaned Count Walter, who had had innumerable instances of his wife's constancy, and had no reason at all to doubt her, resolved to test her through her child. Accordingly, he went to her one night and said, “ You must know, Griselda, that since our daughter was born, the people have become disaffected and rebellious. Hitherto they had been wont to complain that one of such lowly birth should rule them as their Countess. Now they see in this child the perpetuation of their disgrace. As I desire to rule in the love of my subjects, I wish to know first whether you, recognising your marriage vow of obedience in all things, permit me to do with the child as I wish.”

Poor Griselda had so schooled herself to conceal her feelings that she did not outwardly appear discomposed

as she replied, " My lord, my child and I belong entirely to you ; and you may save or destroy what is yours. Work therefore your will. What you desire pleases me. I dread nothing, save to lose you ; nor will Time or Death change my heart."

Though these words made Count Walter glad, he pretended that it was not so, and left the chamber with frowning brows. His next step was to summon a servant whom he had found trustworthy in many matters of importance, and to give him certain orders. That night Griselda suddenly looked up as she nursed her babe to find that this man had stolen into the room, and was standing by her side. " Madame ", he said, not daring to look her in the face, " I carry out my lord's commands in this,—commands which must be obeyed. There is no more to be said." So saying he snatched the infant roughly from her, as though he meant to slay it ; while poor Griselda sat meek and still as a lamb.

She looked at the man's sullen face ; she thought of his stealthy entry. It was clear to her that he was to be her child's murderer. So she besought him with tears to let her hold the little one once ere it died. Soothing it and fondling it in her bosom, she blessed it, saying, " Farewell, my babe, I mark you with the Cross of our dear Father in Heaven, who will take you to Himself again."

She then handed it back to the man, and dismissed him with these words, " Go now, and carry out my lord's commands ".

The servant returned to Count Walter and told him all that had passed. When he heard of his wife's humble submissiveness, the Count felt both pity and remorse,

“ But none the less his purpose held he still,
As great iords do, when they must have their will.”

So he instructed the man to take the child to Bologna, and hand it over to his sister, the Countess of Pavia, who dwelt there, with such explanations as were necessary. This was done, and the child was reared “ in all gentillesse ” by her aunt, no one knowing whose daughter she was.

The Count watched his wife closely to see whether her wifely loyalty was shaken; but she was as she had ever been,

“ As glad, as humble, as busy in service,
And eek in love as she was wont to be.”

She never mentioned her little daughter, even by chance, nor revealed the grief that gnawed at her mother's heart. To her husband she was unchanged.

Four years passed; and Griselda gave birth to a son,

“ Full gracious and fair for to behold,
And when the folk it to his father toid,
Not only he, but all the land, merry,
Was for this child, and God they thank and praise.”

At the sight of poor Griselda's joy in her little son, there arose once more in Count Walter's heart this strange desire to test her wifely obedience a second time through her child,

“For wedded men they know no measure,
When that they find a patient creature.”

“Griselda,” he said to her, “You cannot fail to have observed how the birth of an heir has made the people more disaffected than ever. They are murmuring against us ; and that murmur pierces my heart. ‘When Count Walter is dead’, they are saying, ‘then shall the blood of Janicula succeed and be our lord ; for we have no other’. I have, therefore, determined to do with this child as I did with his sister ; and I pray you to be patient.”

“I have already said,” replied the poor mother, “that all my wishes are yours. Whatever you decide to do with our son and daughter contents me. When I left my humble garments in my father’s cottage, I left behind also my will and liberty. Did I feel that my death would be of service to you, right gladly would I die.”

Once more did the Count marvel at his wife’s obedience ; yet once more did he call the sullen servant to seize the child. Griselda, revealing in her looks nothing of her dismal heart, kissed and blessed this babe, as she had done the other ; and in due course it was placed beside the sister in the care of the Countess of Pavia

Narrowly did Walter watch his wife to see whether her heart was turned to hatred of him. That she loved her children dearly he knew ; and yet towards him he found no alteration. Indeed, it even seemed that as

she grew older she became more true to him, if that were possible, more anxious to please. But with his subjects it was now different. Thinking that he had wickedly murdered his two children because he was ashamed of their mother's humble birth, the common people hated him. Utterly regardless of this change of feeling, however, the Count would not cease from his cruel purpose ;

“ To tempt his wife was set all his intent.”

He waited until the daughter was twelve years of age before he acted. Then he caused to be forged certain documents purporting to come from the Pope, which absolved him from his marriage with Griselda, and permitted him to wed another wife. These were made known to the populace, with the explanation that as the Count's marriage with Griselda had caused rancour and dissension in the land, so an alliance with another wife of noble birth would bring peace. The rude people found no difficulty whatever in believing this story ; but when it reached Griselda's ears her heart was so woeful that, for evermore, she

“ Disposed was, this humble creature,

The adversity of fortune all to endure.”

A messenger was sent secretly to Bologna with a letter for Count Walter's brother-in-law, the Count of Pavia, explaining the matter; and the result was that soon afterwards that Count set out for Saluzzo with the two children and a large and magnificent retinue, making it widely known that the maiden was the newly-chosen bride for Count Walter.

"Arrayed was toward her marriage
 This fresh young maid, adorned with jewels clear;
 Her brother, who was seven years of age,
 Arrayed also full fresh in his manner.
 And thus in nobleness and with glad cheer,
 Toward Saluzzo shaping their journey,
 From day to day they ride upon their way."

Meanwhile the Count had gone to his wife, and said, "You know that I am not free to do as I please like any ploughman; that my people desire me to take another wife; and that the Pope has consented. My new wife is now on her way here from Bologna. You must leave the palace and return to your father's house."

Griselda replied, "That you have held me in honour for so many years, I thank God. Now will I gladly go back to my father, and dwell with him until I die. May God be pleased to grant health and prosperity to your new wife! Here is my wedding ring; here all my jewels and the rich garments in which you have clothed me.

Naked out of my father's house," quoth she,
 "I came, and naked will return again."

So saying, she quitted the palace, and amid the lamentations of all the populace, but with dry eyes, returned to her father's humble cottage. Men speak of Job and his patience, but there is no man whose humility can equal that of a true wife.

When the Count of Pavia rode into Saluzzo with the beautiful young maiden by his side the fickle people, as

is the habit of mobs, waxing and waning like the moon, speedily forgot about Griselda and acclaimed the lovely stranger, for her youth, her beauty, and her high lineage. The forsaken wife, meanwhile, was back in the palace, recalled by Count Walter. "There are no women in the palace," he had said, "who know as you do, Griselda, how I like things ordered." Therefore behold her setting tables, making beds, urging the chamber-maids to greater efforts, and, finally, going to the palace-gate to receive the guests and conduct them to their chambers. Nor did she show anything but love and kindness to Count Walter's new bride.

"How like you my wife and her beauty, Griselda," said he, when the others had gone to prepare for the banquet, and his tone was full of mockery. But she answered from a true heart,

"Right well," quoth she, "my lord; for in good faith,
A fairer saw I never one than she.

I pray that God give her prosperity ;
And so hope I that he will to you send
All happiness until your life's end.

Do not, however, I beseech you," she went on, "torture this tender young maiden, as you have tortured others, for she has not been reared to suffer adversity."

At these noble words the Count's heart melted ; nor could he keep silent longer. "My Griselda," he cried, taking her into his arms, "I have tried you as no woman was ever tried, and fully have you proved your steadfastness.

You are my wife, nor shall I ever wed another, as God shall save my soul. This is your daughter,"—and Griselda looked at him in a maze,—“whom you thought my bride ; and this is your son. I have kept them at Bologna all these years. Take them to your heart again.”

But Griselda had swooned. It was with joy ; and she opened her eyes again as she felt the tender hands of her two babes upon her. The sight brought tears to the eyes of those who stood by ; but Count Walter comforted her and served her in a manner beautiful to behold. He had her dressed once more in her rich attire ; the coronet was set upon her head ; and she was then led into the great hall of the palace with all honour.

“ Thus hath this piteous day a blissful end,
For every man and woman does his might
This day in mirth and revelry to spend
Till on the welkin shone the starry light.”

For many years afterwards Walter and Griselda lived in quiet and prosperity ; nor was her patience again put to the test. Both the daughter and the son were happily and fortunately wed ; but it is not recorded of the latter that he tried his wife as his father had done. Few wives are steadfast as was Griselda.

A HERO OF EXPLORATION

DRAKE SAILS ROUND THE WORLD

Like Sir John Hawkins, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Davis, and many other famous men of the sixteenth century, Sir Francis Drake was a Devonshire man. He was born at Tavistock in 1540. He came of respectable but not noble stock, his father being a tenant of the Earl of Bedford. On account of religious troubles the father, who had adopted the Reformed religion, removed with his family to Kent, where he had received an appointment as lay chaplain to the fleet at Chatham. The boy Francis was, naturally enough, attracted to the sea; and, having made the acquaintance of the master of a ship trading with the English Channel ports, he accompanied him on several voyages, and learned sailing. When the master died, he left his vessel to his young friend, who had shown himself a skilful seaman.

At this time the seas around England were crowded with pirates and privateers,—a privateer is a sea-robber who has the nominal protection of some prince or state, while a pirate sails under nobody's protection but his own—English, French Huguenots, Dutch and Flemish, preying chiefly upon the rich shipping of Spain, the common religious enemy of all of them. There was much wealth to be gained on the seas by a daring

leader, as Sir John Hawkins had proved in his expeditions to the West Indies ; while Queen Elizabeth, who liked adventure and reckless deeds, gave unofficial support in peace time to these robbers, and took them into the service of the Crown in time of war. They were in reality the only armed sea force she had. Young Drake, however, resisted for some years the temptation to turn privateer, and carried quietly on with his coasting work.

But he was closely related to Sir John Hawkins, and when in the year 1567 he heard that his celebrated relative was contemplating another trading venture to the West Indies, he gained permission to accompany him in a fast vessel which he had bought, called the *Judith*. Hawkins sailed in the *Jesus*, and there were three other vessels in his little fleet. The expedition was an ill-fated one. Setting out in the late autumn of 1567, a severe gale was encountered in the Bay of Biscay, and all the vessels were badly knocked about, so much so that the leader seriously contemplated returning to Plymouth and abandoning the venture until the following year. The weather, however, mended, and he decided to proceed. Reaching the Spanish settlements in the West Indies without further misadventure, he found there ample markets for the cargo ; but the hurricane season was approaching, and the ships were caught in a gale which lasted for four days. They were finally compelled to put into the port of San Juan de Ulloa, in the Gulf of Mexico.

It was no part of Spain's policy to encourage trade in her American colonies by English adventurers, who were feared for their reckless daring and hated for their heretical religious beliefs. Here was the notorious Englishman Hawkins safe within their harbour ; so the Spaniards of San Juan de Ulloa decided to attack him. The opportune arrival the very next morning of a Spanish fleet of thirteen heavily-armed frigates made the task a simple one. The *Jesus*, which lay farthest within the harbour, had to be abandoned, as the result of an overwhelming attack by land and sea. The *Judith* lay nearer the entrance, and she along with one other vessel, named the *Minion*, which had anchored farthest out, was able to get away. Hawkins and the surviving members of his crew quitted the *Jesus*, took to their boats, dashed out through the enemy with incredible daring, and managed to reach the *Minion*. The most wonderful thing of all was that a single Englishman was left to tell the story.

Hawkins found, however, that his plight was still desperate. The two ships were now over-crowded ; they had on board little food and less water ; nor were they in good sea-trim. A hundred men volunteered to go ashore on the eastern coast of Mexico, in order that the rest on short rations might reach home ; and this was finally done. The two vessels then proceeded on their melancholy way. The *Judith* was the faster and arrived in Plymouth about the end of December, 1568 ; while the *Minion* reached port a month later.

The story of the heroic fight put up by Hawkins and his men at San Juan de Ulloa rang through England, and made them popular heroes. When the news was afterwards received that the hundred sailors who had taken their chance ashore in Mexico had been imprisoned, and in many cases put to death, by the Spaniards, the indignation against that nation became bitter indeed, and Hawkins would have had under him the pick of English fighters, had he launched, as he had hoped to do, an expedition of revenge. His recovery of the remnants of the ill-fated hundred is, however, another story.

Drake shared fully the popular indignation felt at the treatment of his comrades by the Spaniards. He was also a ruined man, who had been treacherously attacked while on a peaceful trading venture. Resolved to recoup his losses at the expense of those who had robbed him, he went quietly to work, telling his plans to no one, and was ready for another expedition within four years.

In the autumn of 1572 he set out in the *Dragon*, accompanied by two smaller ships. His men were in most cases the west-country seamen who had fought so bravely under him at San Juan de Ulloa. Drake, who had told no one where he was going, sailed straight for the town of Nombre de Dios in Panama, near the eastern entrance of the present Panama Canal. This was the port from which the treasure of Spanish America was shipped to Spain. The Englishmen landed and viewed the town, taking particular note of the store of

gold and silver awaiting shipment, but refraining from an attack upon it on account of the lack of numbers. Instead, the English leader secured a guide who could show them the route by which the treasure-convoy came from Panama, the port on the western, or Pacific, side of the isthmus. Moving silently and rapidly, he soon had his men in a position suitable for a surprise attack. While there, the story is told of how Drake climbed a tall tree, from which he saw, glittering below, the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and made a vow there and then that one day he would sail upon these waters.

In a short time the ambushed force heard the tinkle of mule-bells, and presently the convoy appeared. Not suspecting any danger, its guards were speedily overpowered ; and an immense amount of treasure, emeralds, pearls, rubies, diamonds, and gold, fell into Drake's hands, and was safely conveyed to the ship. The homeward voyage was without incident ; the rich spoils were shared among the adventurers, who were extremely reticent about the whole affair ; and Drake's appetite was whetted for greater enterprises.

He was very curious about the great ocean lying to the west which he had seen from his tree-top. He made a study of every chart he could get. Aware that, fifty years before, Magellan had sailed round Cape Horn, or rather, through the straits there which are called by his name, into the Pacific Ocean, he made up his mind to follow that Portuguese explorer. The Queen and

some of her counsellors encouraged and helped him, realising the value to the nation of such enterprises of reckless daring, but not permitting their connection with the venture to be generally known, as England and Spain were not then officially at war. The little fleet consisted of the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Mari-gold*, another vessel of the same size, and a pinnace ; and the crews numbered 160 in all. Judged by modern ideas these ships were ludicrously small, as the largest of them, the *Pelican*, was only 120 tons ; but Drake knew his business well, and they were made ready in every respect for the work they were to do. Their chief quality was speed in sailing and manœuvring, because on that depended their safety ; while Drake had for his crews the pick of the western seamen.

The expedition set out from Plymouth in November, 1577. As with Hawkins so with Drake bad weather was encountered at the start, and the *Pelican* had to put back for repairs. They sailed again a month later, however, and had a favourable wind to the Cape de Verde Islands. From there they pushed out into the Atlantic, crossed the Equator, and ultimately reached the coast of South America. Everything was going well when one day the fourth vessel, which was commanded by a Mr. Doughty, was missing. Drake sent the *Mari-gold* after her, and she was brought back. This Mr. Doughty was a spy in the pay of Spain, so Drake had him executed when the desolate shores of Patagonia were reached ; the sloop and the pinnace were burnt, and the crews and the stores redistributed

The voyage across the Atlantic had been slow, consequently when they reached the latitude of Cape Horn it was winter, the season when the storms are most violent. After resting for six weeks at Port St. Julian they set out for the Straits of Magellan. These Straits are about seventy miles in length, and the passage is exceedingly intricate. Drake sent the ship's boats ahead to take soundings, for they possessed no reliable charts. Slowly they made their way through, with snow-clad peaks on both sides, and snow-storms occasionally blinding them. Their leader did not hurry unduly, often coming to anchor in the shelter of an island, to rest the men and give them a turn ashore after the seals and penguins found on these inhospitable coasts. The passage took three weeks.

When they entered the Pacific Ocean, they encountered a very violent gale instead of the 'pacific' weather they hoped for ; and the vessels were driven far to the southward. Drake had arranged a meeting-place near Valparaiso, on the western coast of South America, in the event of their being separated ; but when he ultimately arrived there he found himself alone. The *Marigold* had gone down in the storm ; the captain of the *Elizabeth* had returned to the Straits of Magellan, and, after lighting flares for three weeks as a signal to Drake, had sailed home again to England, where he reported the probable loss of the *Pelican*, with its commander and crew.

When Drake reached Valparaiso, therefore, he found there instead of consorts a large Spanish vessel. Suspecting

no evil, and least of all the presence on that coast of an English ship, the Spaniards allowed the *Pelican* to come alongside. The English sailors jumped on board with shouts and cheers, whereupon the Spaniards leapt into the sea and swam ashore. Gold was found in the hold to the value of four hundred pounds. This was promptly transferred to the *Pelican*: and, after a turn ashore to have a look at the town, Drake set sail once more.

Still hoping to find the *Marigold* ahead of him he went northward along the coast. At the port of Tarapaca he landed and captured silver from the mines lying ready for shipment to Panama, to the value of nearly a quarter of a million pounds. The English leader now realized that there was no chance of finding the *Marigold* in these waters, and that he was alone. He decided to go on to Lima, where he hoped to make a very great haul of treasure. He was, disappointed, however, because on his arrival he learnt that a large vessel called the *Cacafuego* had set sail for Panama a few days before, carrying in her hold the entire season's output of the Lima mines,—gold, silver, emeralds, rubies.

The *Pelican* started in pursuit without delay. The second day out a ship was overtaken. It was not the *Cacafuego*, but it contained enough treasure to make its capture worth the trouble. Its crew returned to Lima to tell a terrible tale of the strength of the English ship, and the daring of its crew. Meanwhile Drake had gone merrily on, and had at length come up with the unsuspecting

Spanish treasure-ship. He delayed his attack until night, lest she should take fright and run for the land, and in a few moments the precious freight was in his hands. Its full value was never acknowledged, but must have amounted to more than a million pounds. Besides silver bullion and silver coins, gold nuggets and gold coins, there were emeralds, pearls, and diamonds in large quantities ; but Drake and Queen Elizabeth alone knew accurately the value of the capture.

With a prize crew on board the *Cacafuego* the two vessels sailed northward together, the English in high spirits. They carried the Spanish captain and his crew with them for about a week before they restored the empty vessel to them and let them go. According to the captain's report the *Pelican* was in very good condition, and well found. Of the eighty-five men on board more than fifty were seasoned fighters. Discipline was very strict, and Drake was held in the highest respect by all on board. A sentinel was always posted at his door, and he dined alone with music. On enquiring the route by which he would return the captain had been shown a chart with three routes marked on it, but Drake did not tell him which he favoured; and the Spaniard had an idea that he intended to abandon his vessel at the isthmus of Panama, carry his treasure overland to the Atlantic, and build a ship there to take him home.

Drake's own idea, however, was that he might discover the western entrance to the "North-West Passage," which Frobisher and Davis thought they had

found. Accordingly he continued his route northward as far as California, making an occasional capture. There being no sign of a passage, and the weather growing chilly, and causing ill-health among the crew, Drake began to reconsider his best and safest route home, and finally decided to return by the Cape of Good Hope. He first of all found a suitable place to lay his vessel ashore, at Canaas Bay in California, where he fitted up a workshop and had the vessel completely repaired and re-rigged. He then set sail once more, and after a final search for the northern passage which took him as far north as Oregon, he finally turned south.

After touching at San Francisco, he made straight for the Molucca Islands. The crew had a month's rest on the tropical island of Celebes, and the *Pelican* was once more overhauled. Their course now lay through the dangerous archipelago between them and the Indian Ocean. Drake made his way with very great care among the treacherous and low islands, hugging the coast of Java. On one occasion the vessel grounded, but as the water was smooth and the wind light they got her off again without serious damage. Some days later they passed through the Straits of Sunda and were in the Indian Ocean.

Once more on the bosom of the mighty deep, once more feeling under their keel the long ocean swell, Drake and his men seemed to know that all was well. They crossed the Indian Ocean without adventure, rounded the Cape of Good Hope in fine clear weather, and ran north.

with favouring breezes to Plymouth, touching only at Sierra Leone for water.

Thus, in September, 1580, did Drake return, having circumnavigated the globe, months after he had been reported lost by the captain of the *Elizabeth*. News of his doings on the western seaboard of America had filtered through to England from Spain, but there was very little that was definite. Now that he had actually arrived, with, as one has said, "a monarch's ransom in his hold", the nation went mad with joy, a joy which the Queen fully shared. Drake was summoned to Court, and had to tell his story again and again. The *Pelican* was brought round to the Thames; the Queen gave a banquet on board, and knighted her commander. The sharing of the Spanish treasure was carried out secretly by the Queen's officers in consultation with Drake, in order that every member of the expedition should receive a fair share.

This amazing adventure reveals to us the secret of the defeat of the great Spanish Armada a few years later. That seemingly irresistible fleet was opposed by English sailors who shared Drake's qualities of resolution, daring, and professional skill in a high degree. One may call them pirates and corsairs; but they and they alone saved England; they and they alone snatched from Spain the ceptre of the seas which Britain still wields. Drake is not only a hero of exploration but a national hero. That to the Spaniards he was "Satan himself", "the Incarnation of the Genius of Evil", "the Arch-Enemy", is the measure of his greatness.

CITIZENSHIP

There have been many definitions of Education, but most of them work in somehow or other such vague phrases as 'general culture', 'preparation for complete living', etc. A less wide and therefore more intelligible definition is 'the making of good citizens.' It is clear that our relations with other people around us are of the highest importance. We must share the ordinary life of our time; and for this reason Citizenship is a very pressing problem of modern life. Moreover, in these days of Democracy and popular government, the voters are the rulers of the state. In the past care was taken to train up the young prince so that he would be a just ruler when his time came to reign; now the 'man in the street' must have a similar training, because upon his choice of representatives depends the well-being of his country.

Citizenship is, however, a much wider thing than merely loyalty to one's native land. If loyalty were all, then the example of Germany in the Great War would provide a true educational ideal. Citizenship goes from the family to the neighbours, and from the neighbours to the brotherhood of man. It includes art, literature, science, philosophy, religion. It must find room, indeed, for every human relation, if we recognize that we have human duties that are wider than our own small circle.

Certain states have already recognized the need for educating the youth of the nation in the principles of

citizenship. Germany, with characteristic insight, realised how greatly her political aims depended upon an intelligent and docile people, and began early ; the United States of America and France have followed, the former because obviously her heterogeneous population must be given some common factors if the state is to prosper.

There are certain fundamental impulses in mankind which are the raw materials of Citizenship. These are the relation of the child to the parent, the relation of the boy and the youth to other boys and youths (this is called the gregarious instinct), the relation of man to woman, or sex to sex, and the relation of parent to child. They develop into social sympathies and understandings of diverse kinds. In addition to these we find deep down in mankind a willingness to support one's own particular group or family, an instinctive approval of certain types of person, such as the saint or the hero, and an acquiescence in the control of the chosen leader.

It is by developing these impulses that we get the true citizen. For Citizenship is concerned with behaviour rather than with knowledge. The child who fits into the home-life, and sees that he must not by misconduct disturb its smooth running becomes the law-abiding citizen who sees in law and order the highest happiness for all.

It is, however, easier to recognize that a training in civics is necessary for modern civilization than to decide how best to begin that training. There are certain very obvious difficulties in the way. To begin with there is

the objection that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing', and that the study of civics will only lead to social unrest. Unless, however, we are to cease to progress, that is a danger which must be faced as courageously as possible. The demagogue may fool some of the people some time, he may fool all the people some of the time, he may even fool some of the people all the time, but he cannot fool all the people all the time. That must be our safeguard. A more definite danger is that the majority of school-boys leave school too early to benefit by systematic instruction in Citizenship, which cannot profitably be imparted to very young pupils. One of the problems of modern times is to reach the youth of a nation swallowed up in trade and industry while yet malleable.

Another difficulty is the impossibility of securing impartial teaching of the subject. With all the good-will in the world the teacher can hardly help being partisan. So long, however, as his teaching is not definite propaganda, this is a danger which, when faced, is not so grave as when anticipated. If the teacher has any pretensions to civic worth himself, he will try to set down every aspect of a controversial subject, and not merely his own point of view. To do so is to inculcate one of the greatest lessons of life,—tolerance and respect for the opinions of others.

By far the greatest danger to successful instruction comes from the tone of the society in which the pupil moves. It is unnecessary to emphasize the good or bad

effect of home environment on the future citizen, an effect which all the instruction in the world cannot altogether remove. But there are other influences not so completely detached from public control. One cannot expect the civic virtues to grow where the spirit of the press is bad, where the local bodies, such as Councils, Municipalities, District Boards, etc., are indifferent or even antagonistic to progress, improvement, and the ordinary standards of modern civilization: where class prejudices are fostered and perpetuated: where public life is dominated by self-interest: where bribery is winked at and tolerated. It is essential that public men should recognize the influence for good they can exert by probity in all their public undertakings. Addison taught the people of his time by the example of Sir Roger de Coverley how the country squire ought to live to the best advantage of his fellow-creatures. Every man is similarly an example to the youth of his neighbourhood. The poet has truly said,

“Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time :

Footprints, that perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,

Seeing, shall take heart again.”

The first, easiest, and happiest way to bring home the need of civic consciousness is by games, which lead

to an appreciation of fair-play, discipline, and personal effort in all the dealings of life. The actual direct teaching of the subject should begin with habits of tidiness and obedience in the class-room, while the feeling of responsibility may be fostered by athletic and social clubs managed by the pupils themselves. An interest in the ordinary persons met with daily should be promoted by discussion of their duties and place in society,—the postman, policeman, soldier, scavenger. This may be widened by the intelligent use of literature and history, because in these are contained the essence of the national spirit, the life-blood of good citizenship. Thus the story of Robinson Crusoe inculcates the lessons of self-reliance, personal effort, industry, and foresight. *Oliver Twist* is also full of useful lessons for the youthful citizen,—the evils of the workhouse system and the sad lot of the orphan, the folly of a life of crime, the joy radiated by a pure and innocent mind. The story of the patient Griselda reminds us of the modern problem of woman's emancipation; while the deeds of Drake and Clive teach self-reliance and the will to conquer. There is no great figure in literature or history which cannot be utilized for citizen-making.

The next step is to examine the pupil on the ordinary facts of actual daily experience, such as the upkeep of roads, the duties of the Cleansing Department, the lighting of streets, public buildings: and to supply instruction where necessary. The more complex questions of the preservation of the public health, the protection of life

and property, transport, distribution of goods, railways, public charities, etc., which would require a good deal of definite instruction, would lead naturally to the main facts concerning local and national controlling bodies such as District Boards, Municipalities, Legislative Councils and Assemblies; and to the Electoral Rolls, Government by representatives, National Finance, and so on.

Finally there would come the problems of world politics, of industrial unrest, of permanent peace.

A great poet has told us what true Citizenship should aim at. It is to be heard in the Message of the Bells :—

“Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
 Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace

A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEMPEST.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his

old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape : he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful : therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. " O my dear father," said she, " if by your art you have

raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See : the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls : they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

" Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero ; " there is no harm done. I have so ordered that no person in the ship will receive any hurt. What I have done has been in your interests, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, than that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell ? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

" Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

" By what ? " asked Prospero ; " by any other house or person ? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, " It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me ? "

Prospero answered, " You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind ? Do you remember how you came here ? "

" No, sir," said Miranda, " I remember nothing more."

" Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, " I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was

Antonio, to whom I trusted everything ; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, dedicated my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom : this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

" Wherefore," said Miranda, " did they not that hour destroy us ? "

" My child," answered her father, " they durst not, so great was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without tackle, sail or mast : there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

" O my father," said Miranda, " what a trouble must I have been to you then ! "

" No, my love," said Prospero, " you were a little cherub that preserved me. Your innocent smiles made

me bear up against misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as it would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and

his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither : my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother ?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed : but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work ?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now !" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double ? Where was she born ? Speak ; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so ?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witch-crafts, too

terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors ; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

" Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful ; " I will obey your commands."

" Do so," said Prospero, " and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do ; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

" O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, " I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

" Full fathom five thy father lies :

Of his bones are coral made ;

Those are pearls that were his eyes :

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under

the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "Surely that is a spirit. Lord ! how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince, and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight : but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way : therefore coming forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came

to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water: shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What? an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up,

as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell : he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him ; and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas !" said she, "do not work so hard ; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours ; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had set Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not ; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish ; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah ! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am willing to be your wife if you wish to marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visibly before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he ; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business that required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his kingdom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea ; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero ; and

Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the courtier who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first revealed himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their agreeing to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too," and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder !" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are ! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake as he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine : I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but whom I never saw till now : of him I have received a new life : he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king ; "but oh ! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero : "let us not remember our past troubles since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness ; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be

driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak ; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. " In the meantime," says he, " partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords ; and for your evening's entertainment I shall relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait on him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit ; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. " My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little

sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you ; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel ; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit ; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live !" Here Ariel sang this pretty song :

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily :
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to re-visit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived:

A CHAPTER FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE

The ship being fitted out, I went on board in an evil hour, the date being the first September 1659, exactly eight years from the day on which I went from my parents at Hull, in order to act the rebel to their authority, and the fool to my own interest.

We passed the Line in about twelve days' time, and were in the northern latitudes, when a violent hurricane took us quite out of our knowledge. It blew in such a manner, that for twelve days together we could do nothing but drive, and let it carry us whithersoever fate and the fury of the winds directed. During these twelve days, I need not say that I expected every day to be swallowed up; nor, indeed, did any in the ship expect to save themselves.

The weather abating a little, the master made an observation as well as he could. He found that we had reached the coasts of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazon. We then changed our course and steered away N. W. by W. in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief. But our voyage was otherwise determined. A second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the way of all human commerce, that had all our lives been saved

from the sea, we stood a greater chance of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning, cried out, "Land !" We had no sooner run out to see whereabouts in the world we were, than the ship struck upon sand, and in a moment the sea broke over her so that we all expected to perish immediately. We were in a dreadful condition indeed, and had nothing to do but to think of saving our lives as best we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first staved by dashing against the ship's rudder, and, in the next place, she broke away ; so there was no hope from her. We had another boat on board, but how to get her into the sea was a doubtful thing. However, there was no time to debate, for we fancied the ship would break in pieces every minute.

The mate of our vessel, therefore, laid hold of the^s boat, and with the help of the rest of the men, got her flung over the ship's side. Getting all into her, we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy, and the wild sea. But after we had driven about a league a raging wave came rolling astern of us, and took us with such fury, that it overset the boat at once ; and gave us time hardly to say, "O God !" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt, when I sank in to the water ; for though I swam

very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw my breath, till that wave having carried me a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in. I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the main land than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again ; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it ; for I saw the enemy come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy with which I had no means or strength to contend.

The wave that came upon me again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet in its own body ; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore ; but I held my breath, and swam forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate relief, I found my head and shoulders shoot out above the surface of the water. Though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage. I was covered with water a good while, but when the wave had spent itself, I struck forward and felt ground beneath my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and then ran with what strength I had towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again ;

and twice more was I lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time was well nigh fatal to me ; for the sea, having hurried me along, as before, dashed me against a piece of rock, and that with such force, that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance. I recovered a little, however, before the return of the waves, and, holding fast by the rock, remained till the wave went back, and then fetched another run, which brought me to the main land ; where to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore ; and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case where there was, some minutes before, scarcely any room to hope. I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in the contemplation of my deliverance ; reflecting upon my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself ; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes upon the stranded vessel—when the breach and froth of the sea being so big I could hardly see it, it lay so far off—and considered, “ Lord how was it possible I could get on shore ? ”

I began to look around me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done ; and I soon found

my comforts abate ; for I was wet, had no dry clothes, nor anything to eat or drink; neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco.

Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what should be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country. All the remedy that offered to my thoughts, was to get up into a thick bushy tree, where I endeavoured to place myself so that, if I should fall asleep, I might not fall ; and, having cut a stick for my defence, I took up my lodging, and being excessively fatigued, I fell asleep, and slept comfortably all night, waking much refreshed.

When I woke it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated; but what surprised me most was that the ship had been lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, and driven up as far as the rock which I have mentioned. This being within a mile of the shore, and the ship standing upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

Looking about, the first thing I noticed was the boat, which lay, as the wind and sea had tossed her up, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could on the shore to get to her; but finding an inlet of water, about half a mile broad, between, I came back for the present, being more intent on getting to the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon, I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship : and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw that if we had kept on board we would have been all safe. This forced tears from my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship: so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was very hot, and entered the water. When I came to the ship, my difficulty was to know how to get on board: for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing in my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time espied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first. With great difficulty I seized hold of it, and so climbed into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that there was a great deal of water in her hold, but that her stern was dry. My first search was to see what was unspoiled; and I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water. I thereupon filled my pockets with biscuits, and ate as I went about other things; for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several large spars, so I fell to work upon these, and flung as many overboard as I could manage, tying each with a rope, that it might not drift away. Then I went down the ship's side, and tied them fast together at both

ends, in the form of a raft and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them, crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight. I therefore cut a spare topmast into three lengths with the carpenter's saw, and added these to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks on it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I got three empty seamen's chests, and lowered them down upon my raft. These I filled with provisions, *viz.*, bread, rice, cheese, and a little European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we had brought to sea with us. There had been some barley and wheat also, but, to my great disappointment, I found that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. I discovered also several bottles of cordial waters, belonging to our skipper; these I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chests, nor any room for them.

While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow; and I had the mortification of seeing my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore, upon the sand, swim away. However, this made me go rummaging for clothes. Of these I found enough, but took no more than I wanted

for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; first, tools to work with ashore: and it was after long searching that I found the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a cargo of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns and a bag of shot. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, and with much search I found them, two of them dry and good: the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get the raft to shore, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder. I hoped to find some creek which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was; there appeared before me a little opening of the land, into which I guided my raft as well as I could. But here I almost suffered a second shipwreck, which, I think, would truly have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, I ran one end of my raft ashore upon a shoal, and, not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off into the water. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chest, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength.

Neither dared I stir from the posture I was in; so holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner for nearly half an hour, until the water rose and my raft floated again.

I now looked for a proper place at which to get on shore, and at length spied a little cove on the right bank. Towards this, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft; and at length got so near that I could thrust her directly in. The shore lying pretty steep, there was no place to land, so I moored the raft by sticking my two oars into the ground, one at each end: and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I knew not; whether on the continent, or on an island; whether inhabited, or not; whether in danger of wild beasts, or not. There was a hill which rose up very steep and high above me. Taking one of the fowl-ing-pieces, I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, to my great affliction, I saw my fate, *viz.*, that I was on an island, surrounded everywhere by the sea, with no land anywhere to be seen, except two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island appeared to be uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. I saw abundance of birds; and, on my return, I shot at one

which was sitting on a tree, at the edge of a thick wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world : I had no sooner fired than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls, of many sorts, making a confused screaming, every one according to his usual note. As for the bird I had shot, its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. As I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her to pieces, I set all other things aside till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. I debated whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable : so I determined to go as I did before, when the tide was low.

I got on board the ship as before, and made another raft; and, having had experience of the first, I made this less unwieldy, and loaded it less heavily. Yet I brought away several things very useful to me, as nails, spikes, hatchets, and that most useful thing called a grindstone; muskets, bullets, powder, and a large bag of shot. Besides these things I took all the clothes that I could find, a sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought it safe to shore, to my very great comfort.

Having got my second raft ashore I went to work to make a little tent with the sail and some poles, which I

cut for the purpose. Into it I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun ; and I piled the chests and casks round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt either from man or beast. When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards from within ; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols by my side, I went to bed and slept very quietly all night ; for I was weary and tired, having laboured hard all day.

While the ship lay upright I was not satisfied until I got everything out of her that I could ; so, every day, at low water, I went on board, and brought away something or other ; particularly as much of the rigging as I could, all the small ropes and rope-twine, and even the sails, one by one. After I had made five or six such voyages, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with, I was greatly comforted to come upon a great hogshead of bread, a box of sugar, and a barrel of flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given up hoping to find any more provisions unspoilt by the water.

I got all these safe to shore ; and, now, having plundered the ship of what was portable, I began cutting the great cables into lengths such as I could move. With these, and all the iron work I could get, I loaded a large raft, and came away. But my good luck began to desert me ; for this raft was so unwieldy that, after I entered the little cove, it overturned and threw me and all my cargo into the water. However, there was no great harm done,

as, when the tide was out I recovered most of the cables, and some of the iron; though with infinite labour, for I was fain to go for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much.

I had been now thirteen days ashore, and had been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable of bringing ; though I truly believe that, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece. Preparing to go on board a twelfth time I found the wind beginning to rise. However, I reached the ship at low water as usual; and, rummaging in the cabin, discovered a locker with drawers, in which were about thirty-six pounds in money, some European coin, some Brazilian, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "Q drug!" I exclaimed, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth the taking away. I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, on second thoughts, I wrapped it in a piece of canvas, and took it away. The sky meanwhile had become overcast, the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to make a raft with the wind off shore and that it was my business to be gone at once, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the water, and swam

across the channel, but with difficulty enough: partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly on account of the roughness of the sea; for the wind rose very quickly, and before it was high water it blew a storm.

However I got home to my little tent, where I lay, with all my wealth about me, very secure. It blew hard all night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold the ship was no more to be seen! I was surprised, but comforted myself with this satisfactory reflection, *viz.*, that I had lost no time in getting everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, and set to work to secure myself against either savages, if any should appear, or wild beasts, if any were on the island. I had many thoughts as to the best method to effect this and what kind of dwelling to make, whether a cave in the earth, or a tent upon the earth; and in short, I resolved upon both.

I soon found the place I was in was low and unwholesome; nor was there fresh water near it; so I resolved to find a more healthy and convenient spot. In making my choice I consulted several things; firstly, air and fresh water, as already mentioned: secondly, shelter from the heat of the sun: thirdly, security from ravenous creatures, whether men or beasts: fourthly, a view to the sea, that if God sent any ship in sight, I might not lose any advantage for my

deliverance, of which I was not yet willing to banish all my expectation.

In search of a place proper for this, I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front towards this little plain was steep as a house side, so that no enemy could come down upon me from the top. On the side of this rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance to a cave; but there was not really any cave, or way into the rock, at all.

On the flat of the green, just before this hollow place, I resolved to pitch my tent. This plain was not more than one hundred yards broad, and about twice as long, and lay like a green before my door. It was on the N. W. side of the hill; so that it was sheltered from the heat every day, until almost sunset.

Before I set up my tent I drew a half-circle before the hollow place about twenty yards in diameter. Along this I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground firmly. The stakes stood about six feet high and between the two rows I laid the cables which I had brought from the ship, right up to the top: the result being a fence so strong that neither man nor beast could get through or over it. This cost me a great deal of time and labour, especially to cut the piles in the woods, bring them to the place, and drive them into the earth.

The entrance to this place I made to be not by a door, but by a short ladder to go over the top: which ladder, when I was in, I lifted over after me; and so I was completely fenced in and fortified, as I thought, from all the

world, and consequently slept secure in the night, which otherwise I could not have done. As it appeared afterwards, however, there was no need of all this caution against the enemies from whom I apprehended danger. But my time and labour being of little worth, it was as well employed one way as another.

Into this fortress, with infinite toil, I carried all my riches, all my provisions, ammunition and stores; and to protect me from the rains, which in one part of the year are very violent there, I made a large double tent, *viz.*, one smaller tent within, and one large tent above it, and covered the uppermost with a large tarpaulin, which I had saved among the sails.

And now I lay no more in the bed which I had brought on shore, but in a hammock, which was indeed a very good one, and belonged to the mate of the ship

I next began to work my way into the rock, and bringing all the earth and stones that I dug down out through my tent, I laid them within my fence in the nature of a terrace, so that it raised the ground within about a foot and a half; and thus I made a cave, just behind my tent, which served as a cellar to my house. It cost me much labour and many days before all these things were brought to perfection.

In the intervals of work I went out at least once a day with my gun. I saw abundance of parrots; and fain would have caught one, if possible, to tame it. I did, after taking some pains, catch a young parrot; for I

knocked it down with a stick and brought it home. It was my diversion and amusement to teach it to speak; and at last Poll did it so familiarly and articulately that it was very pleasant to hear him; for I believe no bird ever spoke more plainly; and he lived with me no fewer than twenty-six years. One day I caught a young kid. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could; for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to raise a breed of tame goats, which would supply me with milk and with food when my powder and shot were all spent. I made a collar for the little creature and led it home, where, as I continually fed it, it followed me about like a dog, and became so gentle, and so fond, that it was from that time one of my family, and would never leave me afterwards.

It was upon the 30th September, 1659, that, in the manner I have narrated, I first set foot upon this island; and lest I should lose my reckoning of time for want of books, and pen and ink, and should even forget the Sabbath days from the working days, I set up a great wooden cross on the shore where I first landed. Upon the sides of this post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar, or weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning of time.

A PAPER FROM THE SPECTATOR

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT HIS COUNTRY- HOUSE

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have observed the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, as I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care to leave him. By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the

looks of a Privy-Councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard for his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the enquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleased with any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person he diverts himself with. On the other hand, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his Butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the

nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He loves Sir Roger heartily, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem; so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than as a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man who understood a little of backgammon. 'My friend,' said Sir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his

value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he will find that he is higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which, I think, never happened more than once, or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continuous system of practical divinity '

As Sir Roger was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached tomorrow (for it was Saturday night) showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, in which I saw with a great deal of pleasure the names of several living authors who have published discourses on practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, than I very much approved my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed

with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would strive after good elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to emphasize what has been penned by greater masters. This would be not only more easy for themselves, but more edifying to the people.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who are not only at peace within themselves, but beloved and esteemed by all about them. He receives a suitable tribute to his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with an instance of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight, when he carried me with him to the country Assizes.

The Court was sitting before Sir Roger arrived, but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them ; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's ear, that he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with

that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was *up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering around my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, who was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

As we returned home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we had arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the House had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since,

unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door ; so that the KNIGHT'S HEAD had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment ; and when the inn-keeper seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke ; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the SARACEN'S HEAD. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper upon Sir Roger's alighting told him in my hearing, that his Honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding that it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance to my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly whether I thought it possible for people

to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence ; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a SARACEN, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *that much might be said on both sides.*

These adventures, with the Knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

THE NEWSPAPER

The most important source of information in modern times is the newspaper. No influence is so powerful upon the mind of the citizen as that of the Press. Not only is its educative value very high, but it also controls, in fact, "manufactures" public opinion. Many of us derive our information about the world from the daily and weekly newspapers alone; in them we read of new discoveries, learn the importance of recent inventions, and gain some knowledge of the trend of local, national, and world politics.

It is clear, therefore, that the newspaper has a high and important work to do. Often it does it well; but there are certain things that are of as much consequence to the newspaper as the dissemination of news. For example, it must voice the opinions and advocate the policy of its owner or owners. This cannot be done by honest news items; and it is not done by honest leader-writing. There are three chief ways.

The first way is by what is often known as 'booming,' that is, skilful repetition. Those of us who study advertisements will easily recognize the value of repetition in influencing our opinions; and the owners of newspapers make full use of this. If an unscrupulous newspaper maintains a steady attack upon a prominent man, the chances are that sooner or later the general public will begin to suspect that 'there must be some truth in it after all'.

Should an unscrupulous owner possess land which is not particularly valuable, he sometimes can, by skilful booming, make the public agitate for the erection of an important public building, such as a High Court, a Library, a University, either upon the land or in its immediate vicinity, so increasing its value. Should a certain public appointment be in the interests of the owner, the newspaper can sing the praises of its candidate until everybody is persuaded that he is the only possible choice.

The second way is by selection. One must of course admit that no newspaper can possibly give us all the news of the world. Some sort of selective process is necessary, and we usually find that the newspaper has carefully placed the items of news in the order of their importance, emphasizing them by different head-lines. To a certain extent we are coerced by this selective process into taking that view of the world's happenings which it appears good to the proprietors of the newspaper that we should adopt. Government exercised a strict censorship during the Great War by a careful selection of events for publication; and most people acquiesced loyally in a policy that might help us to win the war. But the action taken by Government in a time of national crisis is justifiable, whereas a censorship of news and facts for the benefit of a single individual is not. One of the gravest problems that face modern civilization is to ensure that the necessary selection of published news in the daily paper be made

with some effort after breadth, high principles, and common honesty.

The danger is not, however, so much in news items as in giving undue prominence to the favoured side : to the speech, for instance, of one particular member of a public body. Everybody knows how it can be set out on the most prominent page of the paper, with heavy head-lines for the titles, and italics for the strongest and most striking passages. All the speeches which follow will be on the same side ; for why should the owner give a free advertisement to the policy of his opponents ? What is selection is therefore also suppression, judged from the other point of view.

The third way, suppression of what the public ought to hear, is if possible a worse crime than selection. It means, for instance, that a speech which went straight to the point and influenced the debate by its obvious truth may be omitted altogether, "crowded out for lack of space", as the editor would say. How can the trusting public be protected against these malign influences ?

The simplest plan would be for each man to read two or three rival papers and steer a middle course. This was the view that Milton took. He thought that a man should be entirely free to read every book, for at the end of his reading he would reach the truth. But all men do not possess the intelligence and power of discrimination which Milton had. Further, it is laborious and tiresome to have to read more than one newspaper ; it is also expensive, and worst of all, unnecessarily so.

What might mend matters would be the setting up of a Press Committee, but that is not very feasible in these fast-moving days of 'special' and 'extra-special' editions. Such a Committee might, however, frame laws and enforce them, making it lawful to punish those responsible for the publication of false or deliberately unfair views on public affairs. Another plan would be to make every writer in a newspaper sign his articles. Everyone knows how bold your anonymous correspondent is, and how he hates to be exposed. The best solution of all would be, however, for newspaper owners to be guided by principles of common honesty in all matters that affect the nation; but until that Utopian ideal is reached, the young citizen must read his newspaper with circumspection, give a careful and thoughtful consideration to what he reads, and always remember that a statement is not necessarily true because it is in print

A TALE FROM SCOTT
THE LOST HEIR OF ELLANGOWAN.

I.

In the month of November 1740 a young English gentleman named Guy Mannering was touring in the south-west of Scotland. One evening he was overtaken by darkness when still some distance from his destination, and while travelling through a wide tract of black moss extending for miles on each side and before him. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him but the deep cry of the bittern, and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass. But as he progressed, to these was joined the distant roar of the ocean, towards which the traveller seemed to be fast approaching. As many of the roads in that countryside lay along the sea beach, and were liable to be flooded by the tides, Mannering was relieved to find himself at last in an avenue. The roar of the ocean was now near and full; and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted and apparently ruined mansion, beside which stood a modern house of some size.

Having explained his plight Mannering was welcomed hospitably by the gentleman of the house, Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan. He belonged to a very ancient family, the members of which had made war, raised rebellions, been defeated, beheaded, and hanged, as became a family of importance, for many centuries. But

they had gradually lost ground in the world, and only the scanty remains of a large property had descended to the present possessor. He indeed, was hardly calculated to re-establish the ancient prosperity of his family, as he was without a single spark of energy. To repel further misfortune he kept a "man of business", under whose supervision small debts grew into large, and ruin seemed certain. The lower classes, as is usual, marked his embarrassments with some compassion. Ellangowan became a favourite with them; although this general good opinion never prevented their taking advantage of him on all possible occasions, turning 'their cattle into his parks, stealing his wood, shooting his game, and so forth. Pedlars, gipsies, vagrants of all descriptions, roosted about his out-houses or harboured in his kitchen, and the Laird, a thorough gossip like most weak men, found recompense for his hospitality in the pleasure of questioning them on the news of the countryside.

Mannering found his host in an excited and exalted mood, as a son and heir has just been born that very evening; and to soothe him the traveller led the conversation round to astrology, and promised to calculate there and then the nativity of the young heir of Ellangowan. The result of his calculation rather surprised him, as it foretold that three periods of the boy's life would be particularly hazardous,—his fifth—his tenth—his twenty-first year.

He hesitated a good deal as to what he should say to the father concerning the horoscope of his first-born, but at length delivered the paper containing his results into

his hand, and requested him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, until the month of November was expired. After that date had intervened, he left him at liberty to examine the writing, trusting that, the first fatal period being then safely overpassed, no credit would be paid to its further contents. This Mr. Bertram was content to promise ; the paper was enclosed in a little velvet bag tightly sewn up, and hung round the infant's neck, and on the next morning the traveller bade a courteous adieu to his host, expressed his good wishes for the prosperity of the family, and then, turning his horse's head towards England, disappeared from the sight of the inmates of Ellangowan.

As the young heir, Harry Bertram, grew up he was placed in the charge of an awkward, taciturn, but kind-hearted and extremely learned man, who went by the name of Dominie Sampson, and who accompanied him in all his childish rambles in the neighbourhood. One of the boy's favourite haunts was a glen upon the estate, called the Kaim of Derncleugh, where a tribe of gipsies had erected a few huts, which they denominated their "city of refuge", and where, when not absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested, as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. Here the queen of the tribe, an extremely tall, strong woman called Meg Merrilies, would take little Harry upon her knee, and sing him songs about his ancestors, especially the ballad of the gallant Bertram who carried off and wedded the fair daughter of the King of the Isle of Man :

“Blithe Bertram’s ta’en him o’er the foam,
To wed a wife, and bring her home.”

She taught him the ancient prophecy of his house,

“The dark shall be light,

And the wrong made right,

When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might

Shall meet on Ellangowan height,”

and prophesied in her turn that the boy would be the best Laird the family had known for three hundred years.

About this time Godfrey Bertram was made a Justice of the Peace, and endeavoured to express his sense of the honour conferred upon him by an unmitigated activity in the discharge of his duty. He detected and imprisoned poachers and beggars, and even abolished the rounds of the pedlar in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police. In alliance with the Excise officers, and in particular with a very active officer of that service named Frank Kennedy, he made war, too, upon the smugglers who evaded the heavy duties by running cargoes with daring and regularity upon the south-west coast of Scotland in the vicinity of Ellangowan.

So far the gipsy community or Derncleugh had not suffered ; nor was Mr. Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired authority at the expense of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances. At the quarter-sessions our new justice was publicly upbraided by a gentleman of the opposite party in county politics, because, while he affected a great zeal for the public police, and seemed ambitious of the fame of an active

magistrate, he fostered a tribe of the greatest rogues in the country, and permitted them to *harbour* within a mile of Ellangowan. To this there was no reply, for the fact was evident and well-known. Bertram therefore decided he must rid himself of these vagrants. The ejection was carried out under the superintendence of Frank Kennedy, the Excise officer ; and in sullen silence, or breathing threats of vengeance, the gipsies set forth on their journey to seek new settlements.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled, and he chose that day to visit a friend at some distance. It so happened, however, that he could not avoid them on his return. He met the procession on the verge of Ellangowan estate, the men walking ahead, followed by the laden asses, and the small carts on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The Laird pressed on through them with difficulty, reading in every face only hatred and contempt where before had been reverence ; and when he had got clear of the throng he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. His sensations were bitter enough at sending seven families at once upon the world ; and when, finally, he turned his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon a precipitous bank ; and her tall figure seemed almost of supernatural stature. Her

attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough.

“ Ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan,” she cried. “ This day have you quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your own parlour burn the blither for that. You have riven the thatch off seven cottar houses—look if your own roof-tree stand the faster. You may stable your cattle in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstone at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our babes are hanging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at home be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that is yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father ! And now, ride e’en your ways ; for these are the last words you’ll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last branch I’ll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.” So saying she broke the sapling she held in her hand, flung it into the road, and strode down the hill to overtake the caravan. Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family.

A few days after the departure of the gipsy tribe, Mr. Bertram asked his lady, one morning at breakfast, whether his was not little Harry’s birthday?

“ Five years old exactly, this blessed day,” answered the lady ; “ so we may look into the English gentleman’s paper.”

Mr. Bertram liked to show his authority in trifles. "No, my dear, not till tomorrow, according to the law. But I dare say Frank Kennedy will be here to-day, as the Dutch smuggler, Dirk Hatteraick, is on the coast again. So we'll have a bottle of claret, and drink little Harry's health."

As he spoke Kennedy was seen galloping up the avenue. "For the love of life, Ellangowan," he cried, "up to the roof, and see that old fox, Dirk Hatteraick, with His Majesty's hounds after him." On gaining that part of the castle which commanded the most extensive outlook, they saw the smuggler's lugger drifting disabled round a promontory, while the ship of war was tacking back into the bay, in order to double the headland

"They'll lose her," said Kennedy; "I must gallop away to the Point of Warroch (the headland just mentioned), and make them a signal where she has drifted to on the other side." So saying, he mounted his horse, and galloped off.

About a mile from the house Kennedy met young Harry Bertram attended by his tutor, Dominie Sampson. He had often promised the child, with whom he was a great favourite, a ride on his horse. So partly to indulge him, and partly to tease the Dominie, in whose face he read a remonstrance, he caught up Harry from the ground, placed him before him, and continued his route. At dinner-time Mrs. Bertram inquired for the boy, and Mr. Sampson told how Mr. Francis Kennedy had assumed spontaneously the charge of Master Harry, in despite of his

remonstrances to the contrary. " I have been in error," he continued, starting up, " assuredly I should have tarried for the babe." So saying he hurried away to Warroch Point, faster than he had ever walked before.

Some time later the Laird was called out of his wife's presence, and told in private that Kennedy's horse had returned with the saddle hanging down, and the reins broken; and that a farmer had seen a smuggler's lugger on fire on the other side of Warroch Point, but that, though he had come through the wood, he had seen nothing of Kennedy or the boy, "only there was Dominie Sampson, rampaging about like mad seeking for them."

All was now bustle at Ellangowan. The Laird and his servants, with the tenants and cottagers of the neighbourhood, hastened to Warroch Wood. The evening had already begun to close, and the November wind sighed through the trees, giving a cast of dismal sublimity to the scene. At length the body of Kennedy was discovered lying at the foot of the cliffs, and showing marks of violence. Of the child there was no trace; and Bertram returned finally to his home, to find that the news had been incautiously communicated to his wife, who had fallen into the pains of premature labour. Ere he had recovered his agitated faculties, so far as to comprehend the full distress of his situation, he was the father of a female infant, and a widower.

The Sheriff of the county arrived next morning; and from his minute and skilful investigation it became clear that Kennedy had been murdered. Suspicion hesitated

between the smugglers and the gipsies. No trace was found of the former, and it appeared that they had escaped in their boats. If they had encountered Kennedy in the wood that day, when irritated by the loss of their lugger, his death at their desperate hands was very probable. He was equally hated by the gipsies, against whom he had been most active in evicting them from Derncleugh. Meg Merrilies was therefore apprehended and examined. She treated the questions concerning the fate of Kennedy with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic scorn and indignation at being supposed capable of injuring little Harry Bertram. She was long confined in jail, but nothing came to light; and she was at length liberated and banished from the country. No trace of the boy could ever be discovered; and the story was gradually given up as altogether inexplicable.

II.

• Harry Bertram had been carried off by the smugglers and taken to Holland. He served for some time as cabin-boy on the lugger, and was led to believe that his father had been one of their number, but had met his death during a fight with excisemen on the east coast of England. This story did not at all fit in with his childish memories; but he was helpless, and so by degrees these memories became blurred and confused. In the meantime Harry had, by his brave spirit and bold ways, first attracted the attention and then gained the affection of the old man who was owner of the smuggling ship. He was taken from the

luggish and educated, given the name of his protector, Vanbeest Brown, and finally despatched to the East Indies to make a fortune in commerce. There, however, like many another lad of spirit, he was allured by military life, and after serving in a British regiment as a volunteer, earned a commission by his bravery and capacity.

By a curious coincidence, the Colonel of his regiment was Guy Mannering, who had, as we know, been his father's guest on the night of the boy's birth. But an unknown young man of ignoble Dutch descent, and possessing the plebeian name of Vanbeest Brown was no fit person, in the aristocratic Colonel's opinion, to mix on terms of intimacy with the members of his family. Finding therefore, that Brown had captivated the heart of his only child, Julia, the Colonel found a pretext to quarrel with his junior officer. A duel was fought, and Brown fell, severely wounded. As he was being tended, the party was surprised by a band of brigands, and Brown was captured by them, the others escaping with difficulty.

The uncertainty as to the fate of his antagonist weighed heavily upon Colonel Mannering's mind, and he soon after retired from the army. When he arrived home he determined to settle in that part of Scotland in which he had travelled more than a score of years before, and finding a suitable residence at Woodbourne, a few miles from Ellangowan, he arrived there with his daughter in the autumn of 1761. He soon found that things had not prospered with his old friend, the Laird of Ellangowan, and that his "man of business", a wretch named Glossin,

had ruined him. In fact, the whole estate of Ellangowan was to be sold the following day by public auction.

Early next morning, Mannering rode out to Ellangowan, and soon the old towers of the ruin presented themselves on the landscape. He thought of the different feelings with which he had lost sight of them so many years before. Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. Now, sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the melancholy that was to accompany him to the grave.

Ascertaining that they had carried the old Laird to the front of the old castle, to be away from the auction, the Colonel came upon the little group of four persons there: Mr. Bertram, incapable of moving, in his chair: behind him the gaunt figure, easily recalled, of the Dominie: by his side a sylph-like form—his daughter Lucy: and near her a handsome young gentleman of the neighbourhood, named Hazlewood.

To the last Mannering explained that he was a stranger to whom Mr. Bertram had formerly shown kindness and hospitality; and that he merely wished to offer his help in this period of distress. He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His old acquaintance looked at him with a lack-lustre eye, that intimated no tokens of recognition—the Dominie seemed too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. Miss

Bertram advanced timidly, and thanked Colonel Manner-
ing for his goodness; "but", she said, the tears gushing
fast into her eyes,—“her father, she feared, was not so
much himself as to be able to remember him.”

At this moment the sound of voices was heard from
the ruins. “Good God!” said Miss Bertram, “’tis that
wretch Glossin’s voice!—if my father sees him it will kill
him outright!”

The very mention of this man’s name had indeed been
of late a subject of the most violent irritation to the
unfortunate patient. He now started up and turned round
towards him, as he issued from the ruins; the ghastliness
of his features forming a strange contrast with the
violence of his exclamations.—“Out of my sight, ye viper!
—ye frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me! Are
you not afraid that the walls of my father’s dwelling should
fall and crush you?—Were you not friendless, houseless,
penniless, when I took you by the hand, and are you not
expelling me—me, and that innocent girl—friendless,
houseless, and penniless from the house that has sheltered
us and ours for a thousand years?” As he finished speak-
ing, Mr. Bertram, exhausted by this last effort of in-
dignant anger, sank back up on his chair, and expired
without a struggle or groan.

Colonel Mannering led the weeping girl home with
him to Woodbourne, pleased that his daughter Julia should
have as a companion a daughter so dutiful as Lucy Bert-
ram had been. A place there was also found for the
Dominie, who refused to be parted from Miss Lucy.

"I, that have eaten of her father's loaf," he cried, "and drunk of his cup, for twenty years and more—to think that I am going to leave her—and to leave her in distress and dolour—No, you need never think it!" Accordingly he was given the task of arranging the Colonel's library. The household soon settled down. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together; young Hazlewood was the constant companion of their walks and pleasures, while the Colonel read with skill and taste in the evening. So we leave them, to take up the story of the hero of the tale.

III.

Vanbeest Brown had been from infancy a ball for fortune to spurn at, but nature had given him that elasticity of mind which rises higher from the rebound. His form was tall, manly and active, his features corresponded with his person, while his manner indicated the military profession. After his liberation from captivity, he returned to his regiment, in which he had now attained the rank of captain. This was, however, after Mannering left India. Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment being recalled home. His first inquiry was for the family of Mannering, and, easily learning their route northward, he obtained leave and followed it with the purpose of resuming his addresses to Julia. Regarding the Colonel as an oppressive aristocrat he was determined to take no rejection unless from the young lady herself.

Let the reader therefore conceive a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath in the north

of Cumberland, a faintly marked track across it, along which advances Brown. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. He whistled as he went along, to give vent to his buoyant feelings. For each peasant he met, he had a kind greeting; and the hardy Cumbrians grinned as he passed, and said, "That's a kind heart, God bless him."

About mid-day he came to a small inn, and remembered that he was hungry. He found two guests there: a tall, stout farmer, who was satisfying his hunger at the table, and a remarkably tall woman, having the appearance of a gipsy, who was sitting beside the fire, busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe. Brown sat down opposite Mr. Dinmont, for such was the farmer's name, and followed his example. Entering into casual conversation he learned that his route into Scotland would take him very close to Dinmont's farm in Liddesdale, and, haste not being of the first importance, he accepted the hospitable countryman's cordial invitation to spend a few days there. As they were talking, the old gipsy woman rose and approached them.

"Are you from Scotland?" she asked Dinmont, who replied that he was returning from a round of fairs, and had been recently in Dumfries and Galloway.

"Then you'll perhaps have seen a place they call Ellangowan?"

"Ellangowan," said the farmer, "I know the place well enough. The Laird died about a fortnight since."

"Died," said the old woman, "are you sure of that?"

"Troth, am I," answered Dinmont, "for it made a great stir. He died just at the sale of his estate and furniture. They say he was the last of an old family, too."

"Dead!" said the woman, who was none other than Meg Merrilies, "dead! that quits all scores. And did you say he died without an heir?"

"Ay did he, goodwife; for the estate could not have been sold had there been an heir-male."

"Sold!" echoed the gipsy, with something like a scream; "Who could tell whether the bonny knave-bairn may not come back to claim his own, and who dared to buy Ellangowan who was not of Bertram's blood?"

"Troth, goodwife, just one of these lawyer folk who buy everything. They call him Glossin."

"Glossin! whose mother was little better than myself. He to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan! God be with us—it's an awful world!" She remained silent a moment; and then, as if to herself, said, "It will be seen and heard of—earth and sky will not hold their peace longer."

She detained the farmer a few moments longer, as she questioned him concerning Bertram's death, and the fate of his daughter. When he had bidden farewell to Brown and ridden off, the latter prepared to follow on foot.

But he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. At present she stood by the window, he

person drawn up so as to show to full advantage her masculine stature, while she gazed steadily at Brown. At every gesture he made, and every tone he uttered, she gave a start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without emotion. "Have I dreamed of such a figure?" he said to himself; when the gipsy suddenly made two strides, and seized his hand.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me, in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies."

"From the East Indies!" dropping his hand with a sigh; "it cannot be then—I am such an old fool, that everything I look on seems the thing I most want to see. Well, be you what you will, you have a face that puts me in mind of old times. Good day to you."

As Brown followed the route the farmer had taken, guided by the fresh tracks of the horse, Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time. "I must see that lad again," she muttered, "and I must go back to Ellangowan too. The Laird's dead. Well, death pays all scores—he was a kind man once."

Brown, meanwhile, proceeded at a round pace over the barren district called the Waste of Cumberland. He noticed from the tracks that Dinmont had turned aside to visit one or two houses near the path. As it was beginning to grow dark, he was in hopes to overtake the horseman, especially as he saw that the ground was so

broken that the horse's progress must be slower than his own. Suddenly, on reaching the summit of some rising ground he, discerned Dinmont engaged in a desperate struggle with two ruffians. Rushing to his assistance, the Captain proved such a resolute antagonist that the robbers at last fled across the bog.

The jolly farmer's head was streaming with blood as he turned to thank his deliverer

" I hope, sir," said Brown, " you are not hurt seriously ?"

" Oh, devil a bit—my head can stand a hard knock—no thanks to them, and many to you. And now you must mount behind me, for we must be away before the whole gang is on us—the rest of them won't be far off."

Brown agreed, and mounted without delay ; and the spirited horse cantered off with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children. They pushed on at a rapid pace, and arrived safely at Dinmont's house, where their blood-stained appearance caused no little dismay. The farmer's cut proved, however, to be less dangerous than it seemed ; and in tranquil mood they retired to rest.

IV.

The Captain spent a pleasant week at Charlieshope in sport and country amusements, before he bade his host a most cordial farewell, promising to revisit him on his return from Dumfries, and set out for the town to which he had forwarded his baggage, and from which he

could hire a carriage. In this he journeyed to a village near Woodbourne, since he intended to reconnoitre the position, in his military phrase, before he attacked. The distance was a long one, and night had set in and snow was falling, when the driver announced that he had lost the road.

Brown got out, and, observing a light some distance off, volunteered to go and find out where they were. The way was rough, and proved longer than he anticipated, but finally he saw that it came from a vault in a large building which appeared to be in ruins. Gazing in at an aperture, he was amazed to discern the figure of the gipsy he had met on the Cumberland waste. The place was a lonely one, but Brown did not lack courage. He accordingly entered. The gipsy also knew him at once.

"I knew you would come," she said, "but you are a dead man if you are found here. They are coming who would kill you without a thought," she continued, as the sound of voices was heard, "here—be still and you are safe—stir not, whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you."

As she spoke she made him lie down in a far corner of the vault, covered him carefully, and flung two or three old sacks over him. Peeping out, Brown saw several smugglers, among them his old enemy Dirk Hatteraick, and a number of gipsies, enter. They had with them his portmanteau, he was distressed to notice, for the horrible doubt crossed his mind that the poor lad he had left with the carriage had been murdered. The agony of his mind

grew as they pulled out and shared his property, and he eagerly listened for some word that would indicate the fate of the driver. But the ruffians were too busy with their spoil to discuss the manner in which they had acquired it.

They next proceeded to the serious occupation of drinking, stopping, to Brown's disappointment, just short of absolute intoxication. Leaving one on guard they then slept for a few hours ; after which, to the Captain's inexpressible relief, they departed. Meg Merrihes went to the door, then returned, and commanded Brown to follow instantly. He would gladly have repossessed himself of his papers, but this the gipsy prohibited in a most peremptory manner. He therefore contented himself with seizing a cutlass that one of the ruffians had flung aside. She led him along a very rugged and uneven path which climbed to the top of a bank, and then, pointing to a plantation of trees in the distance, said :

"The road to the village lies there. Make all the speed you can. But stay, you have lost all," and she placed a purse in his hand.

"I have two boons to crave," she continued, before Brown could speak, "one, that you never speak of what you have seen this night ; the other, that, when I next call for you, you leave everything else and come to me."

"Why, mother," he said, "if it is only to repay you, I give you my promise, but—"

"Away then," she interrupted, "think not of the money; but remember your promise." So saying, she plunged down the bank and disappeared.

As Brown proceeded on his way, he examined the purse, and was surprised to find that it contained about a hundred pounds in gold, besides rings and jewels of value. Remembering his promise, he could not carry out his first intention of handing it over to a local justice; and he resolved to consider it as a loan which he would repay on the first opportunity. He accordingly found accommodation in the village, and inquired the direction to Woodbourne.

The following day he set out with a guide. On the way they came to a lake on which many people were skating and curling. Brown stood to watch the scene, and noticed two ladies and a gentleman walking near the ice.

"Who are these?" he asked his guide.

"That's Miss Julia Mannering from India; Miss Lucy Bertram, poor lassie, of Ellangowan; and young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, who is engaged to be married to Miss Mannering," the man replied.

"Are you sure of that?" said the Captain eagerly.

"That am I," affirmed the other; "all the country knows he is for ever at Woodbourne courting her."

Burning with anxiety to know the truth Brown strode rapidly forward to accost Miss Mannering. Upon seeing one whom she had believed dead, the lady screamed. Hazlewood, remarking that the stranger was wild and

agitated, mistook the nature of her alarm, and commanded Brown haughtily to stand back. Brown replied, with equal asperity, that he had no occasion to take orders from him. Hazlewood thereupon snatched a gun from a servant; and Brown sprang forward to disarm him. In the struggle the gun went off, lodging its charge in Hazlewood's shoulder. The unhappy perpetrator of this act gazed at the ladies for a moment, then, as Lucy's screams alarmed the people on the lake, he bounded over the hedge that bordered a plantation and disappeared from view.

It was clear to the rueful Brown that he must lie low for a time. He therefore proceeded to the sea-coast and crossed over to the opposite shore of Cumberland, there to wait until he received letters from his regiment which would establish his identity as an officer in His Majesty's army. When he had these, and was confirmed in his opinion that the wound he had inflicted was slight, he would seek another interview with Miss Mannering.

In the course of the short voyage, however, he entered into conversation with the steersman. Turning the discourse towards the Mannering family,

"They say the Colonel's daughter," he ventured, with a throbbing heart, "is going to marry young Hazlewood?"

"No, no," said the pilot, "that's nothing but idle gossip. Every Sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride home with the daughter of the late Ellangowan—and my daughter's the laundry-maid

up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood thinks no more of Miss Mannering than you do."

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that his suspicions of Julia's fidelity were void of foundation. He persuaded the pilot to deliver a letter to Miss Mannering by the hand of the servant-maid ; and in it he expressed the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, conjuring her to let him plead his cause in person and obtain forgiveness for his indiscretion. But his anxiety would not let him await a reply, and the following day he set foot once more in Scotland.

V.

"What is the name of that fine wooded cape?" he asked the boatman, as they neared the shore.

"Warroch Point," was the answer.

"And that old castle, with the modern house beside it?"

"That's the Old Place, sir ; and the New Place below it. We'll land you there if you like."

"I should like it of all things."

The boatman thereupon pulled in to a little quay, with a staircase leading from it to the castle, at which the Captain landed. And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances which were highly embarrassing ; without a friend ; accused of a serious crime, and nearly penniless, did the harassed

wanderer for the first time, after the interval of so many years, approach the castle where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

As Brown (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram) gazed around with interest, "Why is it," he said to himself, "that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection? It is so with me as I gaze upon these ruins; nor can I divest myself of the idea that they are not entirely strange to me." It happened that Bertram was standing near the spot where his father died. At the same moment Glossin appeared. Seeing such an apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the spot where he expired, he staggered back.

"In the name of God, how came you here?" he said.

Bertram, somewhat surprised at the solemnity of the tone, explained that he was an officer of His Majesty's army, on tour during his leave. "It is odd," he went on, "the tricks which our memory plays us. The remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, return to my recollection on gazing at this castle :

'The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on—'

I cannot remember the last line—on some height—*height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word."

"Confound your memory," muttered Glossin, "you remember by far too much of it."

"There are other rhymes connected with these early recollections," continued the young man: "Pray, sir, is there any song in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight?"

"I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities," answered Glossin. "But at present we must have some more serious conversation together. I believe your name is Vanbeest Brown?"

"And what of that, sir?" said Bertram, not liking his tone.

"Only this,—that you are my prisoner in the King's name," and he produced a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, and of other crimes and misdemeanours. The warrant being formal, and the fact one that he could not deny, Bertram submitted to arrest, and was placed in Portanferry jail to await trial.

The following day Dominie Sampson was greatly startled during his morning walk to be confronted with the stern and forbidding gipsy, Meg Merrilies.

"Abel Sampson," said she, "listen to what I tell you, or you shall rue it while there's one limb of you hangs to another. Here's a letter for Colonel Mannering. Tell him the time's coming now. Bid him look at the stars

as he looked at them before. Away with my message now, as if life and death were upon your haste!"

The pale hue of the Dominie was twice as cadaverous as usual, with terror and perturbation of mind, as he appeared before the Colonel, and put the scrap of paper he had received from the gipsy into his hand. Mannering read it with some surprise ;—" ' You set yourself to prop a falling house, but had a good guess it would rise again. Lend your hand to the work that's near, as you lent your eye to the fate that was far. Have a carriage this night at the end of Portanferry dykes, and let it bring the folk to Woodbourne that shall ask them. In God's name.' Stay, here follows some poetry—

' Dark shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height.'

What, Mr. Sampson, is the meaning of this ?"

" It was given me by that witch Meg Merrilies."

" Are you sure it was she ?"

" Sure, honoured sir ? Meg Merrilies is not one to be forgotten."

The Colonel's thoughts went back to the scene of twenty years before, and to the story of the lost heir. " Well," he finally said to himself, " I shall not neglect the course she points out ;" and ringing the bell, he gave the necessary orders.

That same evening Bertram was plunged in the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his disconsolate situation, when his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a heavy step ascending the stair to his cell, and to his astonishment Dandie Dinmont was shown into the room.

"What's all this?" cried the honest farmer, "what's all this?"

"Just a trick of fortune, my good friend," answered Bertram; "and if you sit down I'll tell you all I know of the matter."

Bertram's story was soon told; and Dinmont listened very attentively.

"That should be no such desperate business surely," he said, "the lad's doing well that was hurt."

"But now tell me," said Bertram, "how did you find out I was here?"

"Queerly enough," replied the farmer; and he narrated how he had been stopped that morning by a gipsy-looking fellow, who told him that if he wished Captain Bertram well, he must ride at once to the jail at Portanferry, and stay beside him night and day; for he would want stout friends. Those that brought the news had ridden night and day. "And here I am after a trot of sixty miles," concluded the farmer. "Now let's get to sleep."

Bertram, however, could not sleep. In this strange story he saw an intimation of danger more violent and

imminent than could arise from a few day's imprisonment. It was equally clear that someone,—the gipsy woman almost certainly,—was working in his behalf. He went and stood by the window, looking out upon the sea. His attention was drawn by a large boat full of men which was rapidly approaching the shore. He heard voices and then a horrid and continuous din. The jail was being stormed. Arousing his companion, they listened. Sounds were heard on the stairs ; and a body of smugglers headed by Dirk Hatteraick burst into the cell. "Here's our mark," he cried, and two men seized Bertram ; but one whispered, " Make no resistance till you are in the street." The same man found an instant to say to Dinmont, "Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come."

When they reached the narrow street, the unknown friend whispered, " Now ! " Bertram threw off the other man's grasp, and Dinmont felled him with a blow of his fist. The guide dived down a dirty lane, and the shouts had become faint when they reached a carriage.

" Get in, gentlemen, and you'll soon be in safety,—and (to Bertram) remember your promise to the gipsy woman !"

The carriage drove off very fast to Woodbourne. When it arrived there, Bertram got out first, entered the house, and, bewildered by the sudden glare of light and by the circumstances of his situation, almost unconsciously entered the open door of the parlour, and confronted Colonel Mannering who was just advancing towards it.

The strong light of the apartment left no doubt of his identity, and he himself was as much confounded with the appearance of those to whom he so unexpectedly presented himself, as they were by the sight of so utterly unlooked-for an object. Mannering saw before him the man whom he supposed he had killed in India ; Julia beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation ; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon Hazlewood. Bertram, who interpreted the motionless astonishment as displeasure, hastened to say that his intrusion was involuntary.

“ Mr. Brown,” said the Colonel, “ I have some wrongs to repair to you ; and whatever has procured me the honour of this visit, it is an acceptable one. But perhaps you will permit my daughter to retire.”

The ladies left the room accordingly, nor did Lucy venture a second glance at the stranger, who was in her eyes an assassin, but who appeared to be known to her host. At this moment the Dominie, who had been perusing a book, came forward to obtain a sight of the strangers. Upon beholding Bertram he cried out, “ If the grave can give up the dead, that is my dear and honoured master ! ” Once more the story of the lost heir of Ellangowan recurred to the Colonel.

“ Do you remember anything of your early life Captain Brown ? ” he asked, while Sampson fixed his eyes upon Bertram, with a staring expression of nervous anxiety which convulsed his whole visage.

“ Very imperfectly, yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object of much affection. I have an indistinct remembrance of a good-looking man whom I used to call Papa; and of a lady infirm in health who, I think, must have been my mother. I remember, too, a tall, thin, kind-tempered man, who used to walk out with me and—”

But the Dominie could contain himself no longer. He rose hastily, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes, called out aloud, “ Harry Bertram ! —look at me—was I not the man?”

“ Yes!” said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden light had burst upon his mind,—“Yes—that was my name!—and that is the voice and figure of my kind old master.”

• The Dominie threw himself into his arms, and sobbed hysterically.

“ Come, come,” said the Colonel, not unaffected ; “ we have a cunning party to contend with. Tomorrow I shall send for the Sheriff to hear the whole story. For the present let’s all to bed,” and the company dispersed, after the Dominie had once more hugged and embraced his “ little Harry Bertram,” as he continued to call the young soldier of six feet high.

In the morning the ladies heard the strange tale, and Bertram had an affecting meeting with his sister, expending upon her all that family affection, which had so long

slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expend itself upon. The Sheriff was now ushered in, and heard the story in full detail. While the Colonel and he were discussing the best way to get the legal proofs of Bertram's identity, and had determined to find Meg Merrilies and persuade her to tell all she knew, Julia suggested that the others should go in a body to a slight hill, from which Bertram's eyes might be blessed with a distant view of the home of his ancestors.

The party thereupon set out, reinforced by young Hazlewood, who was too fine a fellow to bear ill-will for an accidental hurt. They reached the spot, which was the rise on which Meg Merrilies had met the old Laird of Ellangowan. As they gazed upon the towers, Dinmont appeared.

"Captain," he cried, "You're wanted by her you know of."

And immediately Meg Merrilies stood before them. "You are right," she said, "it is here we should meet, on the very spot where my eyes last saw your father. Remember your promise, and follow me."

"For God's sake," cried the ladies, "do not go with this dreadful woman."

"I must," replied Bertram; "it is absolutely necessary. Hazlewood will see you safely home."

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Then, accompanied by Dinmont, he followed his extraordinary

guide, while the ladies watched them with anxious looks till they were lost to view.

The gipsy led them to a cave at Warroch Point, explaining that there they would find, and were to capture, Dirk Hatteraick, the smuggler. On surprising him there, he turned his pistol on the woman who had betrayed him, but was secured before he could do more. Meg Merrilies fell, mortally wounded. Before she died, however, she was able to tell how Dirk Hatteraick and the other smugglers had encountered Kennedy and murdered him in the Warroch Wood. She had been wandering there, she said, because she longed to see the wood before she left the country. She named certain gipsies who had witnessed the murder, in which, however, they took no part. All then retired to the cave near by, Meg carrying the child Harry Bertram. There they were discovered by Glossin, who, from his former dealings with the smugglers, knew of the cave. He persuaded them, under threat of informing on them, to carry off the boy ; although Meg pleaded long to let him go. When she saw it was hopeless to move them, she swore that she would restore Harry Bertram to his father's place, despite them. Thus, when she met him in Cumberland, she knew the time had come.

This story was corroborated by the gipsies whom she had named. Glossin was put in jail on a charge of kidnapping, and aiding and abetting smugglers, Hatteraick being confined in the same jail. One night he bribed the jailer to let him have access to Hatteraick's-

cell, in order to persuade him to contradict the gipsy woman's story ; and in the morning he was found dead, murdered by the man who had been so long his accomplice. The smuggler was also dead, having contrived to hang himself ; but, before dying, he had left a letter for his owners, to whose interests he had always been loyal ; in which were sufficient references to the " youngster of Ellangowan " to confirm the gipsy's narrative.

As Glossin died without heirs, the estate of Ellangowan was again on the market ; but the creditors did not hesitate to recognize Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house and property of his ancestors. At the same time many serious overcharges were found in Glossin's accounts, greatly diminishing the total amount. The party then repaired from Woodbourne to take possession. The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned with joy on returning to his old habitation. He sped upstairs, taking three steps at once, to his shabby little room of former days, the memory of which had never left him, although his apartment at Woodbourne had been much superior ; and he proposed to resume, there and then, the education of " little Harry Bertram " at the point where it had been interrupted.

The Colonel and his former junior officer were now firm in friendship, and the latter's marriage with Julia was not long delayed. Hazlewood and Lucy Bertram were wed at the same time ; thereafter the Dominie spent his time between the two establishments.

Colonel Mannering settled near them ; but, on being asked whether he would once more resume the practice of Astrology, affirmed emphatically that he would have no more to do with studies that had such unfortunate results for his best friends. “ Like Prospero,” said he, “ I have buried my book.”

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The creation of a League of Nations is one of the results of the Great War, but it has been the dream of many centuries. The desire for union among mankind is very old. Five hundred years before Christ a Greek League of Neighbours was formed to check war among the small Greek States ; while two hundred years later the Edicts of the Buddhist Emperor Asoka renounced conquest by force and proclaimed tolerance throughout India. During the Middle Ages the Christian countries of Europe were united in a brotherhood of religion, and the Pope, the Head of the Church, was the arbiter for the whole of Christendom : many bitter quarrels threatening the peace of Europe being settled by an appeal to him.

With the Renaissance there came the spirit of nationalism to replace that of a religious brotherhood. Men were proud to belong to one nation rather than to one religion. But still among thinking men the thoughts of world peace arose ; and they wrote down these thoughts for the world to read. Thus the great Italian poet of Florence, Dante, expressed them in his " De Monarchia " of the beginning of the 14th century ; in 1517 the Dutch thinker, Erasmus wrote his " Complaint of Peace " ; in 1535 Marsilius of Padua his " Defence of Peace ". King Henry IV of France, or his celebrated minister Sully, wrote the " Grand Design " in 1595 ;

Grotius the Dutchman published the "Laws of war and peace" in 1625; and the American William Penn an "Essay toward the Peace of Europe" in 1693. The problem of Perpetual Peace occupied the minds of Rousseau the great French thinker, and of Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, of the 18th century; while at the end of that century, in 1789, Bentham, the Englishman, wrote on the same subject in his "Tribunal of Nations."

The first definite move toward the formation of such a tribunal or league was in 1815, when the monarchs of Europe, led by Alexander I of Russia, formed what was called the "Concert of Europe", or Holy Alliance, pledging themselves to govern on Christian principles. This alliance had little permanency, however, and the next definite move came in 1899, also at the instigation of a Russian Czar, Nicholas II, when the Hague Conference was established. It was successful in settling some rather acute differences of opinion between nations; for example, the Dogger Bank incident between Britain and Russia, and the Venezuelan dispute between the United States and Britain. It met in 1899 and again in 1907.

The League of Nations owed its origin to the President of the United States, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, in 1918; and it was formed in the following year. The original members of the League consisted of twenty-seven States, who agreed to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security by its means. There are now over fifty states in the League,

which has a Charter containing twenty-six articles setting out the methods by which the objects of the League are to be attained. The seat of the League is at Genève. Its efficiency was weakened at first by the absence of the United States, Germany, and Russia from its membership; but it settled some difficult international problems, and the Treaty of Locarno of 1925 resulted in the inclusion of Germany in its membership, Russia, or rather the Soviet Government in power there, is antagonistic, and it would appear that the league will become the protest of civilization against Communism.

Thus we see that the project of a union amongst men has persisted down the centuries. Nothing but the destruction of civilization can keep it from being in the end realized. By training our youths in citizenship we can hasten the day pictured by the poet, when

“ The war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

A PAGE FROM MACAULAY

¹In the year 1748 died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as a competitor of Nazir Jung. Chanda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chanda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right. In a society altogether disorganized they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India; this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the

pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoy, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Muhammad Ali, who was afterwards well-known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own followers; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan; and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries, and 'Te Deum' sung in the churches. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies: and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Muhammadans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin as the Nizam, and, in the pageant which followed, took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin., a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chanda Sahib. He

was entrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroys of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It was rumoured that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honour or emolument could be obtained from the government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which, in the short space of four years, a European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vainglorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung and the elevation of Mirzapha, he

determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it rose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognize Muhammad Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Muhammad Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chanda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress, had served only to expose their own weakness, and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that, unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and entrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy ; but Clive pushed on through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the ' gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay and, having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chanda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chanda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a

hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left ; the stock of provisions was scanty ; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence in circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. In such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination ; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half

soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief called Morari Row, had been hired to assist Muhammad Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chanda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was a great Muhammadan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his last draught of water, and uttered his last prayer: how the assassins carried his head in triumph: how the tyrant smote the

lifeless lips with his staff : and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the prophet of God. After a lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Muslim of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that the gunners at that post did not understand their business,

took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were met with a fire so heavy and so well-directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened by forced marches to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys,

who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters, and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Árnee deserted Chanda Sahib, and recognized the title of Muhammad Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been entrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languour was that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumph of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be rased to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step, not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among

the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

The government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment, under Clive, to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture, Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterized Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good humour in a subordinate capacity. But Lawrence had early treated him with kindness; and it is bare justice to Clive to say that, proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. Though himself gifted with no intellectual faculty higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with

disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. 'Some people,' he wrote, 'are pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct everything as it fell out;—a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier; for, without a military education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success!'

The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who had borne a part in the revolutions of India, was ill-qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice; and he defended himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of fire-arms. He was thus under the necessity of entrusting to others the execution of his great warlike designs; and he bitterly complained that he was ill served. He had indeed been assisted by one officer of eminent merit, the celebrated Bussy. But Bussy had marched northward

with the Nizam, and was fully employed in looking after his own interests, and those of France, at the court of that prince. Among the officers who remained with Dupleix, there was not a single man of capacity; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chanda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Muhammad Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the Government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

DICKENS' OLIVER TWIST

THE BURGLARY

I

It was now intensely dark. The fog was much heavier than it had been in the early part of the night ; and the atmosphere was so damp, that, although no rain fell, Oliver's hair and eyebrows, within a few minutes after leaving the house, had become stiff with the half-frozen moisture that was floating about. They crossed the ridge ; there were lights at no great distance off ; and, as they walked pretty briskly, they soon arrived at Chertsey.

They hurried through the main street of the little town, which at that late hour was wholly deserted. A dim light shone at intervals from some bedroom window ; and the hoarse barking of dogs occasionally broke the silence of the night. But there was nobody abroad ; and they had cleared the town as the church bell struck two.

Quickening their pace, they turned up a road upon their left hand. After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall : to the top of which Toby Crackit climbed in a twinkling. Before Oliver could look round he was hoisted over. In three or four seconds they were on the other side, and stealing cautiously across the grass towards the house.

And now, for the first time Oliver, well nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together, and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes ; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face ; his limbs failed him, and he sank upon his knee.

“ Get up ! ” murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing a pistol from his pocket.

“ Oh ! for God’s sake let me go ! ” cried Oliver ; “ let me run away and die in the fields. Oh ! pray have mercy upon me, and do not make me steal. For the love of all the bright Angels that rest in heaven, have mercy upon me ! ”

The man to whom this appeal was made swore a dreadful oath, and had cocked his pistol, when Toby, striking it from his grasp, placed his hand upon the boy’s mouth, and dragged him to the house.

‘ Say another word,’ cried the man, “ and I’ll do your business myself with a crack on the head. That makes no noise, and is quite as certain.”

There was a little lattice window, about five feet and a half above the ground at the back of the house, which belonged to a scullery at the end of the passage. The aperture was so small that the inmates had probably not thought it worth while to defend it more securely ; but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver’s size nevertheless. A very brief exercise of Mr. Sikes’ art sufficed

to overcome the fastening of the lattice ; and it soon stood wide open.

“ Now listen,” whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing the glare full upon Oliver’s face ; “ I’m going to put you through there. Take this light ; go softly up the steps and along the hall to the street-door ; unfasten it, and let us in.” So saying, Sikes put Oliver gently through the window with his feet first ; and, without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside.

“ Take this lantern,” said Sikes, looking into the room. “ You see the stairs before you. It’s done in a minute.”

“ Hark,” whispered the other man, “ what’s that ! ”

They listened intently.

“ Nothing,” said Sikes, releasing his hold of Oliver. “ Now ! ”

In the short time he had to collect his senses, the boy had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart upstairs from the hall, and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

“ Come back,” suddenly cried Sikes aloud. “ Back ! Back ! ”

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place and by a loud cry that followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall and knew not whether to advance or fly.

The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs

swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not—and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant ; but he had him by the collar again before the smoke had cleared away. He dragged the boy up, and drew him through the window. “ Give me a shawl. They’ve hit him. Quick ! How the boy bleeds ! ”

Then came the loud ringing of a bell ; mingled with the noise of firearms, and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then, the noises grew confused in the distance ; and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy’s heart ; and he saw or heard no more.

“ Wolves tear your throats ! ” muttered Sikes, grinding his teeth, as he turned his head, for an instant, to look back at his pursuers. He saw that the men who had given chase were accompanied by two large dogs.

“ It’s all up, Bill ! ” cried Toby ; “ drop the boy, and show them your heels.” With this parting advice Mr. Crackit darted off at full speed. Sikes took one look round : clenched his teeth : placed Oliver on the ground : threw over him the cape in which he had been hurriedly muffled : ran along the shelter of a hedge, and was gone.

The air grew colder, as day came slowly on ; and the mist rolled along the ground like a dense cloud of smoke. The grass was wet ; the pathways and low places were all mire and water ; and the damp breath of an unwhole-

some wind went languidly by, with a hollow moaning. Still, Oliver lay motionless and insensible on the spot where Sikes had left him.

Morning drew on apace. The air became more sharp and piercing, as its first dull hue—the death of night, rather than the birth of day—glimmered in the sky faintly. The objects which had looked dim and terrible in the darkness, grew more and more defined, and gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down, thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But Oliver felt it not, as it beat against him ; for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

At length a low cry of pain broke the stillness that prevailed ; and, uttering it, the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side : and the bandage was saturated with blood. He was so weak that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture ; when he had done so, he looked feebly round for help, and groaned with pain. Trembling in every joint, from cold and exhaustion, he made an effort to stand upright ; but, shuddering from head to foot, fell prostrate on the ground.

After a short return of the stupor in which he had been so long plunged, Oliver, urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which seemed to warn him that, if he lay there, he must surely die, got upon his feet and essayed to walk. His head was dizzy, and he staggered to and

fro like a drunken man. But he kept up, nevertheless ; and, with his head drooping languidly on his breast, went stumbling onward, he knew not whither.

And now, hosts of bewildering and confused ideas came crowding on his mind. He seemed to be walking between Sikes and Crackit, who were angrily disputing : for the very words they said sounded in his ears ; and when he caught his own attention, as it were, by making some violent effort to save himself from falling, he found that he was talking to them. Then he was alone with Sikes, plodding on, as they had done the previous day ; and as shadowy people passed them, he felt the robber's grasp upon his wrist. Suddenly he started back at the report of fire-arms ; and there rose into the air loud cries and shouts ; lights gleamed before his eyes ; and all was noise and tumult, as some unseen hand bore him hurriedly away. Through all these rapid visions there ran an undefined, uneasy, consciousness of pain, which wearied and tormented him incessantly.

Thus he staggered on, creeping almost mechanically between the bars of gates, or through hedge-gaps, as they came in his way, until he reached a road. Here the rain began to fall, so heavily that it roused him.

He looked about, and saw that at no great distance there was a house, which perhaps he could reach. Pitying his condition, they might have compassion on him ; and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings, than in the lonely, open fields. He

summoned up all his strength for one last trial ; and bent his faltering steps towards it.

As he drew nearer to the house, a feeling came over him that he had seen it before. He remembered nothing of its details ; but the shape and aspect of the building seemed familiar to him.

That garden wall ! On the grass inside he had fallen on his knees last night, and prayed the two men's mercy. It was the very same house they had attempted to rob.

Oliver felt such fear come over him when he recognized the place that for the instant he forgot the agony of his wound, and thought only of flight. Flight ! He could scarcely stand ; and if he were in full possession of all the best powers of his slight and youthful frame, whither could he fly ? He pushed against the garden gate ; it was unlocked, and swung open on its hinges. He tottered across the lawn : climbed the steps : knocked faintly at the door : and, his whole strength failing him, sank down against one of the pillars of the little portico.

II

It happened that about this time the two men who had surprised the burglars, Mr. Giles, the butler of the house, and Mr. Brittles, who held the post of footman, were recruiting themselves after the fatigues and terrors of the night, with tea and sundries in the kitchen. Not that it was Mr. Giles's habit to admit to too great familiarity the humbler servants : towards whom it was rather his wont to deport himself with a lofty affability which, while it

gratified, could not fail to remind them of his superior position in society. But death, fires, and burglary, make all men equals; so Mr. Giles sat with his legs stretched out before the kitchen fender, leaning his left arm on the table, while, with his right he illustrated a circumstantial and minute account of the robbery, to which his hearers (but especially the cook and house-maid, who were of the party) listened with breathless interest.

"It was about half-past two," said Mr. Giles, "or I wouldn't swear that it mightn't have been a little nearer three, when I woke up, and turning round in my bed, as it might be so (here Mr. Giles turned round in his chair, and pulled the corner of the table-cloth over him to imitate bedclothes), I fancied I heard a noise."

At this point of the narrative the cook turned pale, and asked the house-maid to shut the door, who asked Brittles, who pretended not to hear.

"—Heard a noise," continued Mr. Giles. "I said at first, 'This is illusion'; and was composing myself to sleep, when I heard the noise again, distinctly."

"What sort of noise?" asked the cook.

"A kind of a busting noise," replied Mr. Giles, looking round him.

"More like the noise of powdering an iron-bar on a nut-meg grater," suggested Brittles.

"It was, when you heard it, sir," rejoined Mr. Giles; "but, at this time, it had a busting sound. I turned down

the clothes ;” continued Giles, rolling back the table-cloth, “ sat up in bed, and listened.”

•The cook and house-maid simultaneously ejaculated “Lor!” and drew their chairs closer together.

“I heard it now quite apparent,” resumed Mr. Giles. “‘Somebody,’ says I, ‘is forcing a door or window; what’s to be done? I’ll call up that poor lad, Brittles, and save him from being murdered in his bed; or his throat,’ says I, ‘may be cut from his right ear to his left, without his ever knowing it.’”

Here, all eyes were turned upon Brittles, who fixed his upon the speaker with his mouth wide open, and his force expressive of the most unmitigated horror.

“I tossed off the clothes,” said Giles, throwing away the table-cloth, and looking very hard at the cook and house-maid, “got softly out of bed, seized the loaded pistol that always goes upstairs with the plate-basket; and walked on tip-toes to his room. ‘Brittles,’ I said, when I had woke him, ‘don’t be frightened!’”

“So you did,” observed Brittles, in a low voice.

“‘We’re dead men, I think, Brittles,’ says I,” continued Giles; “‘but don’t be frightened!’”

“*Was* he frightened?” asked the cook.

“Not a bit of it,” replied Mr. Giles. “He was as firm—ah! pretty near as firm as I was.”

“I should have died at once, if it had been me,” observed the house-maid.

"You're a woman," retorted Brittles, plucking up a little.

"Brittles is right," said Mr. Giles, nodding his head approvingly; "from a woman nothing else was to be expected. We, being men, took a dark lantern; and groped our way downstairs in the pitch dark,—as it might be so."

Mr. Giles had risen from his seat, and taken two steps with his eyes shut, to accompany his description with appropriate action, when he started violently, in common with the rest of the company, and hurried back to his chair. The cook and house-maid screamed.

"It was a knock," said Mr. Giles, assuming perfect serenity. "Open the door, somebody."

Nobody moved.

"It seemed a strange sort of thing, a knock coming at such a time in the morning," said Mr. Giles, surveying the pale faces which surrounded him and looking very blank himself; "but the door must be opened. Do you hear, somebody?"

Mr. Giles, as he spoke, looked at Brittles; but that young man, being naturally modest, probably considered himself nobody, and so held that the inquiry could not have any application to him; at all events, he tendered no reply. Mr. Giles directed an appealing glance at a tinker, who, having assisted in the chase, had been invited to share the conviviality; but he had suddenly fallen asleep. The women were out of the question.

"If Brittles would rather open the door in the presence of witnesses," said Mr. Giles, after a short silence, "I am ready to make one."

"So am I," said the tinker, waking up as suddenly as he had fallen asleep.

Brittles capitulated on these terms ; and the party being somewhat re-assured by the discovery (made on throwing open the shutter) that it was now broad day, took their way upstairs, with the dogs in front, and the two women, who were afraid to stay below, bringing up the rear. By the advice of Mr. Giles they all talked very loudly, to warn any evil-disposed person outside that they were strong in numbers : and by a master-stroke of policy, originating in the brain of the same ingenious gentleman, the dogs' tails were well pinched, in the hall, to make them bark savagely.

These precautions having been taken, Mr. Giles held on fast by the tinker's arm (to prevent his running away, as he pleasantly said), and gave the word of command to open the door. Brittles obeyed. The group, peeping timorously over each other's shoulders, beheld no more formidable object than poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his eyes, and mutely solicited their compassion.

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles, valiantly pushing the tinker into the background. "What's the matter with the—eh?—Why—Brittles—look here—don't you know?"

. Brittles, who had got behind the door to open it, no sooner saw Oliver than he uttered a loud cry. Mr. Giles,

seizing the boy by one leg and one arm (fortunately not the broken limb) lugged him straight into the hall, and deposited him at full length on the floor thereof.

"Here he is !" bawled Giles, calling, in state of great excitement, up the staircase ; " here's one of the thieves, ma'am ! Here's a thief, miss ! Wounded, Miss ! I shot him, miss ; and Brittles held the light."

"—In a lantern, miss," cried Brittles, applying his hand to the side of his mouth, so that his voice might travel the better.

The two women-servants ran upstairs to carry the intelligence that Mr. Giles had captured a robber ; and the tinker busied himself in endeavouring to restore Oliver, lest he should die before he could be hanged.

In the midst of all this noise and commotion, there was heard a sweet female voice, which quelled it in an instant.

" Giles ! " whispered the voice from the stair-head.

"I'm here, miss," replied Mr. Giles. " Don't be frightened, miss ; I'm not much injured. He didn't make a very desperate resistance, miss ! I was soon too many for him."

"Hush !" replied the young lady ; " you frighten my aunt, as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature much hurt?"

" Wounded desperately, miss," replied Giles, with indescribable complacency.

"He looks as if he was dying, miss," bawled Brittles, in the same manner as before. "Wouldn't you like to come and look at him, miss, in case he should?"

"Hush, pray; there's a good man!" rejoined the young lady. "Wait quietly one instant, while I speak to aunt."

With a footstep as soft and gentle as the voice the speaker tripped away. She soon returned, with the direction that the wounded person was to be carried upstairs carefully to Mr. Giles's room; and that Brittles was to saddle the pony and betake himself instantly to Chertsey; from which place he was to despatch, with all speed, a constable and a doctor.

"But won't you take one look at him first, miss?" asked Mr. Giles, with as much pride as if Oliver were some bird of rare plumage that he had skilfully brought down. "Not one little peep, miss?"

"Not now, for the world," replied the young lady. "Poor fellow! Oh! treat him kindly, for my sake!"

The old servant looked up at the speaker as she turned away, with a glance as proud and admiring as if she had been his own child. Then, bending over Oliver, he helped to carry him upstairs, with the care and solicitude of a woman.

III

In a handsome room: though its furniture had rather the air of old-fashioned comfort than of modern elegance: there sat two ladies at a well-spread breakfast-table. Mr.

Giles, dressed with scrupulous care in a full suit of black, was in attendance upon them. He had taken his station some halfway between the sideboard and the breakfast-table ; and, with his body drawn up to its full height, his head thrown back, and inclined the merest trifle on one side, his left leg advanced, and his right hand thrust into his waistcoat, while his left hung down by his side, looked like one who laboured under a very agreeable sense of his own merits and importance.

Of the two ladies, one was well advanced in years ; but the high-backed oaken chair in which she sat, was not more upright than she. Dressed with the utmost nicety and precision, in a quaint mixture of by-gone costume, with some slight concessions to the prevailing taste, which rather served to point the old style pleasantly than to impair its effect, she sat, in a stately manner, with her hands folded on the table before her. Her eyes (and age had dimmed but little of their brightness), were attentively fixed upon her young companion.

The younger lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood, at that age, when, if ever angels be for God's good purposes enthroned in mortal forms, they may be, without impiety, supposed to abide in such as hers.

She was not past seventeen. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould ; so mild and gentle ; so pure and beautiful ; that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions. The very intelligence that shone in her deep blue eye, and was stamped upon

her noble head, seemed scarcely of her age or of the world ; and yet the changing expression of sweetness and good-humour, the thousand lights that played about the face, and left no shadow there ; above all, the smile, the cheerful, happy smile, were made for Home, and fireside peace and happiness.

She was busily engaged in the little offices of the table. Chancing to raise her eyes as the elder lady was regarding her, she playfully put back her hair, which was simply braided on her forehead ; and threw into her beaming look such an expression of affection and artless loveliness, that blessed spirits might have smiled to look upon her.

“And Brittles has been gone upwards of an hour, has he ?” asked the old lady, after a pause.

“An hour and twelve minutes, ma'am,” replied Mr. Giles, referring to a silver watch, which he drew forth by a black ribbon.

“He is always slow,” remarked the old lady.

“Brittles always was a slow boy, ma'am,” replied the attendant. And seeing, by the by, that Brittles had been a slow boy for upwards of thirty years, there appeared no great probability of his ever being a fast one.

“He gets worse instead of better, I think,” said the elder lady.

“It is very inexcusable in him if he stops to play with any other boys,” said the young lady, smiling.

Mr. Giles was apparently considering the propriety of indulging in a respectful smile himself when a gig drove up to the garden-gate ; out of which there jumped a fat gentleman, who ran straight up to the door : and who, getting quickly into the house by some mysterious process, burst into the room, and nearly overturned Mr. Giles and the breakfast-table together.

"I never heard of such a thing !" exclaimed the fat gentleman. "My dear Mrs. Maylie—bless my soul—in the silence of night too—I *never* heard of such a thing !"

With these expressions of condolence, the fat gentleman shook hands with both ladies, and drawing up a chair, inquired how they found themselves.

"You ought to be dead ; positively dead with the fright," said the fat gentleman. "Why didn't you send ? Bless me, my man should have come in a minute ; and so would I ; and my assistant would have been delighted ; or anybody, I'm sure, in such circumstances. Dear, dear. So unexpected ! In the silence of the night, too !"

The doctor seemed especially troubled by the fact of the robbery having been unexpected ; and attempted in the night-time ; as if it were the established custom of gentlemen in the house-breaking way to transact business at noon, and to make an appointment, by the twopenny post, a day or two previous.

"And you, Miss Rose," said the doctor, turning to the young lady, "I—"

"Oh ! very much so, indeed," said Rose, interrupting him ; "but there is a poor creature upstairs, whom aunt wishes you to see."

"Ah ! to be sure," replied the doctor, "so there is. That was your handiwork, Giles, I understand."

Mr. Giles, who had been feverishly putting the tea-cups to rights, blushed very red, and said that he had that honour.

"Honour, eh ?" said the doctor ; "well, I don't know ; perhaps it's as honourable to hit a thief in a back kitchen, as to hit your man at twelve paces. Fancy that he fired in the air, and you've fought a duel, Giles."

Mr. Giles, who thought this light treatment of the matter an unjust attempt at diminishing his glory, answered respectfully that it was not for the like of him to judge about that ; but he rather thought it was no joke to the opposite party.

"That's true, indeed," said the doctor. "Where is he ? Show me the way. I'll look in again as I come down, Mrs. Maylie. That's the little window that he got in at, eh ? Well, I couldn't have believed it !"

Talking all the way, he followed Mr. Giles upstairs ; and while he is going upstairs, the reader may be informed that Mr. Losberne, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, known through a circuit of ten miles round as "the doctor," had grown fat, more from good humour than good living : and was as kind and hearty, and withal as eccentric an old

bachelor, as will be found in five times that space, by any explorer alive.

The doctor was absent much longer than either he or the ladies had anticipated. A large flat box was fetched out of the gig ; and a bedroom bell was rung very often ; and the servants ran up and downstairs perpetually ; from which tokens it was justly concluded that something important was going on above. At length he returned ; and in reply to an anxious inquiry after his patient, looked very mysterious, and closed the door carefully.

"This is a very extraordinary thing, Mrs. Maylie," said the doctor, standing with his back to the door, as if to keep it shut.

"He is not in danger, I hope ?" said the old lady.

"Why, that would not be an extraordinary thing, in the circumstances," replied the doctor ; "though I don't think he is. Have you seen this thief ?"

"No," rejoined the old lady.

"Nor heard anything about him ?"

"No."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," interposed Mr. Giles ; "but I was going to tell you about him when Doctor Losberne came in."

The fact was, that Mr. Giles had not, at first, been able to bring his mind to the avowal that he had only shot a boy. Such commendations had been bestowed upon his bravery, that he could not, for the life of him,

help postponing the explanation for a few delicious minutes; during which he had flourished in the very zenith of a brief reputation for undaunted courage.

"Rose wished to see the man," said Mrs. Maylie, "but I wouldn't hear of it."

"Humph!" rejoined the doctor. "There's nothing very alarming in his appearance. Have you any objection to see him in my presence?"

"If it be necessary," replied the old lady, "certainly not."

"Then I think it is necessary," said the doctor; "at all events, I am quite sure that you would deeply regret not having done so, if you postponed it. He is perfectly quiet and comfortable now. Allow me—Miss Rose, will you permit me? Not the slightest fear, I pledge my honour!"

With many loquacious assurances that they would be agreeably surprised in the aspect of the criminal, the doctor drew the young lady's arm through one of his; and offering his disengaged hand to Mrs. Maylie, led them, with much ceremony and stateliness, upstairs.

"Now," said the doctor in a whisper, as he softly turned the handle of a bedroom door, "let us hear what you think of him. He has not been shaved very recently, but he doesn't look at all ferocious notwithstanding. Stop, though! Let me see first that he is in visiting order."

Stepping before them, he looked into the room. Motioning them to advance, he closed the door when they

had entered; and gently drew back the curtains of the bed. Upon it, in place of the dogged, black-visaged ruffian they had expected to behold, there lay a mere child worn with pain and exhaustion, and sunk into a deep sleep. His wounded arm, bound and splintered up, was crossed upon his breast; his head reclined upon the other arm, which was half hidden by his long hair, as it streamed over the pillow.

IV

The honest gentleman held the curtain in his hand and looked on, for a minute or so, in silence. Whilst he was watching the patient thus, the younger lady glided softly past; and seating herself in a chair by the bedside, gathered Oliver's hair from his face. As she stooped over him, her tears fell upon his forehead.

The boy stirred and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known. Thus, a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or even the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim recollections of scenes that never were in this life; which vanish like a breath; which some brief memory of a happier existence, long gone by, would seem to have awakened; which no voluntary exertion of the mind can ever recall.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed the elder lady. "This poor child can never have been the pupil of robbers!"

"Vice," sighed the surgeon, replacing the curtain, "takes up her abode in many temples; and who can say that a fair outside shall not enshrine her?"

"But at so early an age!" urged Rose.

"My dear young lady," rejoined the surgeon, mournfully shaking his head, "crime, like death, is not confined to the old and withered alone. The youngest and fairest are too often its chosen victims."

"But can you—oh! can you really believe that this delicate boy has been the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society?" said Rose.

The surgeon shook his head, in a manner which intimated that he feared it was very possible; and, observing that they might disturb the patient, led the way into an adjoining apartment.

"But even if he has been wicked," pursued Rose, "think how young he is, think that he may never have known a mother's love, or the comfort of a home; and that ill usage and blows, or the want of bread, may have driven him to herd with men who have forced him to guilt. Aunt, dear aunt, for mercy's sake, think of this, before you let them drag this sick child to a prison, which in any case must be the grave of all his chances of amendment. Oh! as you love me, and know that I have never felt the want of parents in your goodness and affection, but that I might have done so, and might have been equally helpless and unprotected with this poor child, have pity upon him before it is too late!"

“My dear love!” said the elder lady, as she folded the weeping girl to her bosom, “do you think I would harm a hair of his head?”

“Oh, no!” replied Rose, eagerly.

“No, surely,” said the old lady, “my days are drawing to their close; and may mercy be shown to me as I show it to others! What can I do to save him, sir?”

“Let me think, ma’am,” said the doctor; “let me think.”

Mr. Losberne thrust his hands into his pockets, and took several turns up and down the room: often stopping and balancing himself on his toes, and frowning frightfully. After various exclamations of “I’ve got it now” and “no, I haven’t,” and as many renewals of the walking and frowning, he at length made a dead halt, and spoke as follows:

“I think if you give me a full and unlimited commission to bully Giles and that little boy, Brittles, I can manage that they will not be able to swear, upon their solemn oath, to the identity of the child. Giles is a faithful fellow and an old servant, I know; but you can make it up to him in a thousand ways, and reward him for being such a good shot besides. You don’t object to that?”

“Unless there is some other way of preserving the child,” replied Mrs. Maylie.

“There is no other,” said the doctor. “No other, take my word for it.”

"Then my aunt invests you with full power," said Rose, smiling through her tears; "but pray don't be harder upon the poor fellows than is indispensably necessary."

"You seem to think," retorted the doctor, "that everybody is disposed to be hard-hearted to-day, except yourself, Miss Rose. I only hope for the sake of the rising male sex generally, that you may be found in as vulnerable and soft-hearted a mood by the first eligible young fellow who appeals to your compassion; and I wish I were a young fellow, that I might avail myself, on the spot, of such a favourable opportunity for doing so, as the present."

"You are as great a boy as poor Brittles himself," returned Rose, blushing.

"Well," said the doctor, laughing heartily, "that is no very difficult matter. But to return to this boy. The great point of our agreement is yet to come. He will wake in an hour or so, I daresay; and although I have told that thick-headed constable-fellow downstairs that he mustn't be moved or spoken to, on peril of his life, I think we may converse with him without danger. Now, I make this stipulation—that I shall examine him in your presence, and that if, from what he says, we judge, and I can show to the satisfaction of your cool reason, that he is a real and thorough bad one (which is more than possible), he shall be left to his fate, without any further interference on my part, at all events."

"Oh no, aunt !" entreated Rose.

"Oh yes, aunt !" said the doctor. "Is it a bargain?"

"He cannot be hardened in vice," said Rose ; "it is impossible."

"Very good," retorted the doctor ; "then so much the more reason for acceding to my proposition."

Finally the treaty was entered into ; and the parties thereunto sat down to wait, with some impatience, until Oliver should wake.

The patience of the two ladies was destined to undergo a longer trial than Mr. Losberne had led them to expect ; for hour after hour passed on, and still Oliver slumbered heavily. It was evening, indeed, before the kind-hearted doctor brought them the intelligence, that he was at length sufficiently restored to be spoken to. The boy was very ill, he said, and weak from the loss of blood ; but his mind was so troubled with anxiety to disclose something, that he deemed it better to give him the opportunity, than to insist upon his remaining quiet until next morning : which he should otherwise have done.

The conference was a long one. Oliver told them all his simple history, and was often compelled to stop, by pain and want of strength. It was a solemn thing, to hear, in the darkened room, the feeble voice of the sick child recounting a weary catalogue of evils and calamities which hard men had brought upon him. Oh ! if, when we oppress and grind our fellow-creatures, we bestowed

but one thought on the dark evidences of human error, which, like dense and heavy clouds, are rising, slowly it is true, but not less surely, to heaven, to pour their after-vengeance on our heads ; if we heard but one instant, in imagination, the deep testimony of dead men's voices, which no power can stifle, and no pride shut out ; where would be the injury and injustice, the suffering, misery, cruelty, and wrong, that each day's life brings with it !

Oliver's pillow was smoothed by gentle hands that night ; and loveliness and virtue watched him as he slept. He felt calm and happy, and could have died without a murmur.

A CHAPTER IN INDIA'S HISTORY

The earliest form of Government of any kind adopted by the English in India consisted of a Governor, a select Executive Council, and a legislative body of members of the East India Company. Under them there were Presidents for each depôt or Presidency, who were assisted in administration by an Executive Council of merchants. This was in the 17th century, between the years 1611 and 1640, when the Mughal Emperors were all-powerful in the land ; and these merchants were the nearest approach to representatives of the popular will to be found.

Madras was made a Presidency in 1653, Bombay in 1668, and Calcutta in 1690. These Presidencies resembled,—as indeed, they were often called,—colonies, being territories under Governors with extensive civil and military authority. Although independent of each other, they were under the general direction of London ; and a Board of Control with a President was set up there in 1784, after various methods of Government had been tried. As the result of the sweeping victories of Clive, the East India Company went forward step by step to territorial sovereignty ; and under Warren Hastings the Company's civil service was re-organized for revenue, justice and administration, by an Act which conferred these powers upon it. This took place in 1772, Hastings assuming the title of Governor-General about the same

time. The constitutional history of modern India begins with the passing of this Act.

• The extension of British justice and administration far and wide in the Company's territories must have raised in the minds of thoughtful men from very early days the question of representative Government. It was tentatively touched upon in the Act of 1813 which renewed the Company's Charter, where provision was made for the grant of a large sum of money to be

“ set apart and applied to the revival and improvement of literature, and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories in India.”

This was less than forty years from the passing of the Warren Hastings' Act.

• Another and even more definite move towards some form of popular Government was made by Sir Thomas Munro, the Governor of Madras, in the year 1824,—some years, it may be noted, before the passing of the First Reform Act in England,—when he said :—

“ There is one great question to which we should look in all our arrangements ; what is to be their final result on the character of the people ? Is it to be raised or is it to be lowered ? Are we to be satisfied with merely securing our power and protecting the inhabitants, leaving them to sink gradually in character

lower than at present, or are we to endeavour to raise their character and to render them worthy of filling higher situations in the management of their country, and of devising plans for its improvement?"

The Charter Act of the year 1833 went forward definitely in the clause which laid down that

"no native of the said territories shall by reason of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the Company."

In 1835 Macaulay launched his educational scheme for India, and in 1854 there was an educational system providing teaching on European lines in the upper classes, and in the vernacular where the work was elementary.

After the Mutiny the control of Indian administration was taken out of the hands of the East India Company and transferred to Parliament. This step led almost immediately to an important constitutional advance, when in 1861 non-officials were added to the Governor-General's Council to make laws for British India. There were similarly constituted councils for the provinces also, and these contain the core of representative Indian institutions. In 1892 under Lord Dufferin these non-officials were appointed upon an elective basis.

The subsequent schemes of reform appear at intervals of ten years. They begin with the Minto-Morley scheme of 1909, which provided for a very large increase in the

number of non-officials elected to the various legislative bodies, 27 for example, out of a total number of 32. The elections however, were in the hands, not of the "man in the street," but of important bodies in the Provinces like land-holders, Chambers of Commerce, Muhammadans and other religious minorities, etc. But these Councils had no control whatever over administration, in other words, there was no parliamentary system; and Lord Morley made it quite clear that this was not accidental, but deliberate. The control of the British Parliament was to be unchallenged. It was true that in London there was a Secretary of State for India, who was assisted by a council of men experienced in Indian affairs. The office had been created in 1858, when Parliament took over charge; but in practice the Secretary's policy was shaped for him by the House of Commons.

The Reforms of 1919, associated with the names of Lord Chelmsford, then Viceroy, and Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India under the existing Liberal Coalition Government, broke away entirely from the Morley policy. As early as 1917 Mr. Montagu had made the following pronouncement;

"The policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in full accord, is that of increasing the association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.

I would add that progress in this policy can only be achieved by successive stages. The British Government and the Government of India, on whom the responsibility lies for the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples, must be judges of the time and measure of each advance, and they must be guided by the co-operation received from those upon whom new opportunities of service will thus be conferred, and by the extent to which it is found that confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility."

The chief features of the 1919 Reforms are now familiar to all. There are Indian Ministers, elected to the provincial legislatures, who control certain subjects transferred to them, and for which they are responsible to the councils. There is an elected President of the council. There is a system of popular election, and a register of voters, which will be enlarged in course of time: not only for provincial councils but for the central bodies also. In other words, by these reforms the Central Government has surrendered its control of purely provincial affairs; and it is clear that an extension of the transferred subjects is possible as the councils and their Ministers prove themselves capable, until Home Rule is secured.

The Governor can veto the action of his Minister if he thinks it necessary for the general good; and he can *certify* what is patently necessary for the carrying on of the administration of the province. But it is obviously difficult for him to do so, when the Minister has the Council at his back, because the resignation of an elected

official would bring about a very awkward situation. Consequently the Governor does not resist the wish of the people clearly expressed through their representatives.

Much more important, however, than what has been done in the past is the question of the next step. To find an answer to this question the Government of India in 1924, after five years' working of the Reforms, appointed a Committee, called the "Muddiman Committee" from its President, Sir Alexander Muddiman,

(1) to enquire into the difficulties arising from, or defects inherent in, the working of the Government of India Act and the rules thereunder in regard to the Central Government and the Governments of Governors' Provinces; and

(2) to investigate the feasibility and desirability of securing remedies for such difficulties or defects, consistent with the structure, policy and purpose of the Act,

(a) by action taken under the Act and the Rules, or

(b) by such amendments of the Act as appear necessary to rectify any administrative imperfection.

After inviting and receiving the opinions of the local Governments, the Ministers of the transferred subjects, and representative witnesses, the finding of the Committee is fairly definitely against any immediate constitutional advance. It is not, it would appear, that Dyarchy—as the system of transferred and reserved subjects is called,—has failed, but that it has not had a chance to succeed. The non-co-operation movement retarded the political

education of the electorate, and checked the smooth working of the Councils. The whole atmosphere was prejudicial to success. Many of the most prominent men in the country,—the national leaders,—were antagonistic or lukewarm. Within the Councils there were no organized parties, nor was there any steady support for the Ministers. The councillors were usually parochial in outlook, lacking entirely the breadth of vision which one seeks in a people's leaders. There was no constructive programme: but merely criticism of the Minister's policy. No attempt had been made to educate the electors, who were indifferent to every issue except Religion, and Religion in India acts much in the same way as it does in Ulster,

So, says the Committee, there should be no modification of the franchise until the experience of the electors is greater. No new system is required, although the depressed classes might have further representation, as also such classes as factory labour, since new industrial laws are now a very important subject in India. It also points out,—no new criticism,—that the election of members on a communal basis is a very serious obstacle to constitutional advance; yet it regretfully agrees that the removal of communal electorates is impracticable. So far from making the Councils as far as possible elective, the Committee definitely recommends the retention of nominated non-officials, on the ground that unrepresented classes and interests must be protected.

In other matters also the finding of the Committee is conservative. There may be an extension of transferred

subjects where the balance of stable government is not affected; and capable ministers may thus have a wider field of activity. In cases affecting purely Indian interests the control of the Secretary of State for India may be relaxed. The Law Courts may no longer interfere prematurely with the action of the President of a Council. The Meston Settlement, which fixed the amount of provincial contributions to the central exchequer, should be revised. But on all momentous question the report of the Reforms Enquiry Committee preaches caution. The next step forward cannot yet be taken.

NOTES

THE PATIENT GRISELDA

CHAUCER, who takes his place with Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and Wordsworth in the select roll of the great poets of England, wrote in the 14th century, (his dates are 1340-1400), his most celebrated work being the unfinished collection of stories called *The Canterbury Tales*. Two other poems were also left unfinished, the *Legend of Good Women* (another collection of stories), and the *House of Fame*. His *Troilus and Cresiede* is a fine example of the medieval treatment of a well-known classical subject. *The Canterbury Tales* are characteristic stories told by the various persons who journeyed together on pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. Although Chaucer, as a soldier, diplomatist, and adherent of John of Gaunt, was aristocratic in his outlook and reflects that view in his great poem, yet it gives us a full and brilliantly-coloured picture of his times, revealing everywhere the poet's knowledge of and sympathy with human nature, as also his recognition of the universal and permanent qualities of the many types of men and women that make up mankind. His genial humour, kindly satire and fond affection for the beauty in Nature attract us most, but he is as remarkable for his skill in story-telling, which indeed amounts to genius, and his successful experimenting with various verse-forms.

Page 1. *The Patient Griselda*, the story which the Clerk (or Scholar, Student) of Oxford told on the way to Canterbury. This Clerk was a shy, reserved youth, better acquainted with "Aristotle and his philosophy" than with human beings. Thus his story of Griselda, the submissive wife, which he borrowed from Petrarch, a great Italian writer, is in effect an idealization of woman, and reveals at once the Clerk's kindly nature and his desire to poke fun at the Wife of Bath.

Lombardy; the plain in the north of Italy, bounded on the north, east, and west, by the Alps and watered by the river Po. Saluzzo lies far to the westward, in the district called Savoy.

"*That wisest was in lore*"; this, and all the quotations which follow are from Chaucer's poem, slightly modernized when necessary. *Lore* means wisdom and experience of life.

Page 2. *That charge*; 'I shall bear that burden upon my own shoulders.'

Charge upon your life, most solemnly adjure you.

Speculation, conjecture, discussion, and guessing

For vain thoughts, for life's vanities.

Page 3. *Sundry melody*, music caused by a variety of instruments.

To know his will; this hints at the 'tyrants' of medieval Italy who wielded despotic power over their subjects. Chaucer refers to them also in *The Legend of Good Women*.

Page 3. *For better or worse* ; this is the language of the English Prayer Book marriage service.

Page 4. *Liege Lord*, free lord, the original meaning of the word *Liege* (French for 'free'). Now the more usual meaning is 'faithful', 'dutiful', 'loyal'. Thus the king's 'lieges' are his faithful subjects.

Come weal, come woe ; one of these alliterative phrases found frequently in English, e.g., 'the more the merrier'. It implies 'in prosperity and adversity.'

Even to be dead, 'although obedience will mean my death.'

Coronet, in this case, probably a sort of garland.

Page 5. *High bounty*, great kindness, and good deeds.

Fame, report, reputation.

Upon her to behold, an archaic phrase, meaning 'to see her.'

Hid, i. e., hidden.

Had been wont to, had been in the habit of. The phrase is now largely confined to poetry.

This grievance of Count Walter's is of course an imaginary one. The people of Saluzzo are quite happy in their Countess.

Schooled herself, trained herself.

Page 6. *Work therefore your will*, do whatever you desire. Another alliterative phrase ; cf. note above.

Cross, upon which Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity, was crucified by the Jews.

Page 7. *Bologna*, a city on the southern borders of Lombardy, lying to the S. E. of Saluzzo. *Pavia* is another city, half way between the two.

In all gentillesse ; brought up as the nobly-born young maidens of the time were reared.

Eek, also ; another word now used only in poetry.

For to behold ; this phrase, not found in modern English, reveals the influence of the French language upon medieval English forms. *For* is the equivalent of the French ' pour ' found before many verbs.

Praise, substituted for the archaic *herie*, which means 'praise'.

Page 8. *Measure*, moderation.

Page 10. *Jewels clear*, brightly glittering gems.

Cheer, in Middle English this word connotes appearance, behaviour, looks, demeanour.

Shaping, directing.

Pope, the head of the Christian Church residing in Rome.

Naked. . I came ; a quotation from the Bible : Job 1 20, 21 ;—

And Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped.

And said, " Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I shall return thither : the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord "

The fickle people ; Chaucer and Shakespeare are alike in their distrust of mobs, ' the wavering multitude.'

A HERO OF EXPLORATION

In 1893-4 James Anthony Froude, the English historian, delivered a series of lectures at Oxford on the English Seamen of the sixteenth century, from which the facts of this account of Drake's voyage are taken. He himself was a Devonshire man, with a fervent admiration for her heroic seamen ; and his lectures, which set out to prove that the English Reformation, of which they were mighty agents, was the greatest and most beneficent change in modern history, caused a sensation

Page 13. *Hawkins*, chiefly remarkable as a bold trader. His expeditions to the West Indies are referred to in the text.

Raleigh, one of the most famous of the Elizabethans. He was a soldier, courtier, poet, historian, and explorer. His search for *Eldorado* led to his death in the reign of James I, as he had offended the Spaniards.

Grenville, best known for his heroic fight at the Azores against the Spanish Fleet, where he fought, one against fifty-three, and died. *The Ballad of the Revenge* by Tennyson is a stirring account of this incident.

Gilbert, was associated with his half-brother Raleigh in the unfortunate settlement of Virginia.

Davis, one of the first explorers of the North-west Passage. The Davis Strait is named after him.

A Devonshire man. The novel "*Westward Ho!*" by Charles Kingsley gives a picture of Devon and the western seamen in the 16th century.

Page 13. *Tavistock*, lying inland, to the north of Plymouth.

The reformed religion, Protestantism.

Chatham, then, as now, an important naval station.

The master, the captain.

Huguenots, French Protestants.

The common religious enemy. The Dutch and the Flemings, like the other peoples of northern Europe, had embraced Protestantism, and Philip of Spain was waging war against the Netherlands.

Page 14. *Queen Elizabeth*, reigned from 1558 to 1603, one of the greatest sovereigns England has ever known, as her reign is one of the most brilliant in history.

Bay of Biscay, the stormy bay on the west of France.

Plymouth, an important seaport in Devonshire, the starting place of most of the Elizabethan expeditions.

Mended, improved.

Hurricane, a sudden and violent storm.

Gulf of Mexico, between Florida and Mexico, or the southern border of the United States.

Page 15. *Frigates*, vessels built solely for war.

Good sea-trim, in satisfactory condition.

Short rations, a reduced daily allowance of food.

Page 16. *Put to death.* There existed in these days an institution called the Inquisition which sometimes put to death heretics, *i.e.*, persons who professed the Reformed Faith ; and it had been set up about that time in Mexico.

Another story. Froude tells it in the Third Lecture of his *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*.

Treacherously attacked, i.e., in Drake's view. The Spaniards probably had a different opinion of the expedition.

Present Panama Canal, begun by the celebrated Frenchman, De Lesseps, who constructed the Suez Canal, and finished by the American Government.

The treasure of Spanish America. This was gathered chiefly on the west coast of South America, which the *Pelican* afterwards visited.

Page 17. *Convoy*, carts and mules with treasure protected by a guard.

The story. The poet Keats tells of another similar adventurer ;—

“ like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak of Darien.”

Ambushed force, the men were in hiding-places carefully chosen to make the capture of the treasure easy.

Extremely reticent, very much disinclined to talk.

Appetite was whetted ; a metaphor ; Drake's desire to win more treasure and sail into unknown seas was greater than ever.

Page 18. *Officially.* The English and the Spaniards were constantly fighting each other, since their interests clashed in the Americas, and Spain was engaged in bitter warfare against the Protestants of the Netherlands. Even when the Great Armada sailed there had been no official declaration of war.

Marigold, a very pretty golden English flower.

Cape De Verde Islands ; off the west coast of Africa. They belong to Portugal.

Patagonia, the most southerly country of South America.

Sloop ; a small one-masted ship, rigged fore-and-aft.

Page 19. *Latitude* ; the imaginary line used by geographers to indicate the position north or south of the Equator is a "line of latitude." Latitude is thus a geographical position.

Take soundings ; to measure the depths with line and lead, so that the vessels should not run aground.

No reliable charts ; America had been discovered by Columbus less than a hundred years before, in 1492, and the southern regions were almost entirely unknown.

A turn ashore , allowing them to stretch their legs and have a short respite from ship-board work.

Seals and penguins ; commonly found near the Poles. The seal is valued for its skin and oil ; the penguin is a

swimming bird with very small feathers, walking upright and very clumsily on land.

Page 19. *Pacific*; the word is derived from the Latin 'pax, pacis' meaning 'peace'.

Valparaiso, the port of Chile. Santiago, the capital, is about 50 miles inland.

Flares, small occasional beacons, bright unsteady blazes as signals.

Consorts, the other ships of his little fleet.

Page 20. *Tarapaca* is inland, its port is Iquique, in the north of Chile.

Lima, the capital of Peru.

Page 21. *Run for the land*, seek the protection of some Spanish fortification on the coast.

Bullion, uncoined silver and gold.

A prize crew; a captured vessel is called a 'prize', and the men sent on board to work it are its 'prize crew'.

Well found, adequately supplied with spares of every kind necessary for a long and dangerous voyage.

North-West Passage; the idea was prevalent amongst the early explorers that it was possible to sail to the East Indies by a route round the northern shores of Canada, and Frobisher and Davis tried to find it. Drake's idea was to sail due north along the shores of North America until he came to the western entrance, navigate it, and return home across the North Atlantic.

Page 22. *Cape of Good Hope*, the most southerly point of Africa.

Students should have a good Atlas to follow Drake's route round the world.

Page 22. *A workshop*; showing that the *Pelican* must have been as the Spanish captain reported, 'well-found'.

Oregon, The State immediately north of California.

Molucca Islands, lying south of the Philippines, between the large islands of Borneo and New Guinea.

Celebes, the largest island of the Molucca group.

Overhauled; all the necessary repairs effected.

Archipelago, the Indian Archipelago, particularly the islands of the Java Sea.

Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java.

Swell, succession of long unbroken waves.

Page 23. *Sierra Leone*, on the west coast of Africa.

Filtered through The medium would be the Spanish Ambassador, who would not care to tell very much.

One has said, the phrase is Froude's.

CITIZENSHIP

For the short chapters on modern problems which have a particular application to India's needs the following books have been found useful:—*The Modern Teacher*, the Chapter on The Teaching of Citizenship, by William Boyd, M. A., B. Sc., D. Phil., Lecturer on Education in the University of Glasgow; *Every One's Affairs*, by Robert Jones, D. Sc., Econ; *Citizenship*, by Ed. J. S. Lay.

Page 24. *The man in the street, i.e.,* the ordinary citizen.

The example of Germany, where the patriotism of the Germans led them to rally round a ruler whose aims, ideals, and methods, were the negation of civilization. Such a patriotism was narrow, thoughtless.

Small circle, of relatives and friends.

Page 25. *Heterogeneous*, mixed. One of the greatest problems of the United States is to achieve unity amongst the many different peoples and races now naturalized as members of the state. This was brought home to the United States Government during the first two years of the Great War.

Gregarious ; from the Latin *grex, gregis*, a flock or herd. Human beings naturally seek association with their fellow-creatures.

Page 26. *Demagogue*, the plausible agitator who would sweep away all existing institutions and religions to replace them by some inchoate and rudimentary form of Communism.

Malleable, pliable, able to be educated.

Partisan, emphasizing one side of the subject.

Propaganda, definite teaching of some particular doctrine in order to gain converts to it ; usually to the exclusion of truth and justice.

Controversial ; a subject which has something to be said for it on both sides, which is still a subject for argument, is a controversial subject.

Page 27. *Addison taught*, see No. 6; Sir Roger de Coverley at his Country-house.

• *The Poet*, Longfellow (1807-1882), an American poet. The lines are familiar to every one. His other works include *Hiawatha*, *The Village Blacksmith*, etc.

• *Solemn main*, a metaphor; living his life in this serious world, like a sailor sailing across the ocean.

• *Shipwrecked brother*, some man whose life has been a failure.

Page 28. *Robinson Crusoe*, see No. 5; *Oliver Twist*, No. 11; *The Patient Griselda*, No. 1; *Drake and Clive*, Nos. 2 and 10.

• Page 29. *A great poet*, Lord Tennyson. The Message of the Bells is from the famous poem entitled *In Memoriam*. Tennyson's dates are 1809-1892. His other works are *The Idylls of the King*, *Maud*, *Ode on Wellington*, *The Princess*, and many shorter poem well-known to all lovers of poetry.

• *Fuller minstrel*; poet who will express these thoughts more perfectly than I.

Page 30. *Narrowing lust*; avarice is entirely selfish and narrow. The miser has no care for any one but himself.

Thousand Years of Peace; see No. 12, *The League of Nations*.

THE TEMPEST

This is one of the best-known of the stories from Shakespeare's plays written by Charles Lamb and his

sister Mary as an introduction to the young reader's study of Shakespeare. As in the tale of the *The Patient, Griselda*, the author's words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in, with such additions as give a connected story. Charles Lamb (1775-1834) wrote also the celebrated *Essays of Elia*. Shakespeare (1564-1616) is the greatest name in English literature. His plays, *Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, The Merchant of Venice, Julius Cæsar*, etc., are unsurpassed for the deep and wide knowledge of human nature which they reveal, as well as for their exquisite expression of great thoughts. *The Tempest*, which is often called a Romance, was almost the last play he wrote. It is remarkable as a drama because it reflects the soaring imagination of the Renaissance period,—an enchanted island, a magician, spirits, and the earth-born creature Caliban,—while it conforms strictly to the Classical Unities of Time, Place, and Action. It is more remarkable, however, in revealing to us that final period of Shakespeare's thought, which is characterized by a genial and forgiving-temper and outlook, felicitously defined in Professor Dowden's phrase "on the heights".

Page 31, *Treated of magic*, had magic as their subject.

Affected by, was the favourite study of.

By virtue of his art, by making good use of his knowledge of magic.

Sprite, spirit.

Page 32. *Offices*, duties.

Tumble him, cause him to fall.

Make mouths, make mocking faces.

Page 33. *Precious souls*; human beings, who possess precious souls'.

So ordered it, given my commands to the effect that.

Milan, a city of Lombardy, in the north of Italy.

Princess, Prospero means merely that Miranda was the daughter of a powerful ruler, the Duke of Milan, and not literally a 'princess'.

Page 34. *Worldly ends*, such as, power, wealth, material success.

Buried among my books, engaged in study to the exclusion of every other interest.

My power, i. e., the reins of government were in his hands.

Naples, a city to the south of Italy, standing on a beautiful bay on the west coast.

That hour, at that very time.

Some leagues; a league at sea is rather more than three miles.

Tackle, the necessary ropes, etc.

Lord of my court, a noble who was one of my courtiers.

Page 35. *How he had disposed of*, where he had placed, and what he had done with.

Company, crew.

Page 36. *My delicate Ariel.* Ariel was a spirit, and thus small and slight; but 'delicate' also implies that Ariel was skilful in carrying out difficult orders.

Envy, malice.

Algiers, a city on the north coast of Africa.

O was she so? Prospero means, 'I see that you recollect perfectly.'

Page 37. *Delicate, i. e.*, in mind, not in body.

Pretty person, handsome figure.

Full fathom five, etc.; this is one of Ariel's celebrated songs in the play.

Full; quite.

Nothing of him that doth fade; everything which is liable to be changed by the sea is wonderfully changed.

Sea-nymphs; mermaids, or sea-maidens living at the bottom of the sea.

Ariel. Shakespeare has given to the people of this play names which define them. Thus Ariel is the airy spirit, or spirit of the air; Prospero is the beneficent master, under whose rule good men prosper; Miranda is the maiden to be admired, the wonder maiden of the wonder island, (from Latin *mirari*, to wonder, admire); while Caliban is a variation of Cannibal.

Page 38. *How it looks about*; describing the amazed glances of Ferdinand at the sights and scenes of this enchanted island.

Page 39. *Entertainment*; treatment.

Surety; pledge.

Page 40. *Light*; easily endured.

He is safe, i.e., we are safe from interruption by him.

By them; beside them.

Page 41. *How features are abroad*; what looks and beauty people elsewhere have

Page 42. *Harpy*: a hideous winged creature, half bird, half woman, with hooked claws.

Suffered; allowed.

Page 44. *Brave*, splendid, fine.

By immortal Providence, by the favour of Eternal God.

Page 45. *Quaint*, odd, whimsical. Other epithets for Ariel are 'delicate', 'dainty', 'tricksy,' etc.

Page 46. *Attend*; escort, accompany, 'see you safely home.'

Cowslip's bell; the cowslip is a bell-shaped flower.

After summer; the idea being that Ariel, loving Summer and flowers and green trees, will migrate as the swallow does in search of summer weather.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Daniel Defoe (1661—1731) was a prolific writer. He started a paper called *The Review* and carried it on single-handed for a time. It was from this pamphlet that Steele devised *The Tatler* and the still more famous

Spectator. His contributions to prose fiction, chief of which is the world-renowned *Robinson Crusoe*, produced in 1719, are of even greater importance. Other works include *Journal of the Plague Year*; *Adventures of Captain Singleton*; *The Memoirs of a Cavalier*; *Moll Flanders*; *Colonel Jack*. He was also a political pamphleteer on the side of the Whigs, and *The Shortest Way with Dissenters* is a brilliant piece of satirical writing which earned for Defoe the punishment of the stocks. His works do not reveal any intimate grasp of character, nor is there any very definite plot. His chief quality is what is called 'verisimilitude', that is truth and life-likeness. He can also give us vivid descriptions.

Robinson Crusoe supplies examples of all these qualities in a manner which has made the story one of the most popular in any literature. It is founded on the true story of a Scottish sailor called Alexander Selkirk, who did actually spend some years on the island of Juan Fernandez; but it is really a most skilful abstract of the innumerable voyages of exploration which the Seventeenth Century saw. This extract describes the wreck, the landing, and the preparations for life on the island.

Page 47. *Fitted Out*; Crusoe was at the time a planter in Brazil, and the ship had been got ready by him at the invitation of some of his planter neighbours, who had asked him to sail to Africa to bring back slaves (cf. Hawkins' expeditions to the West Indies with African slaves. See page 14.) as labour on the plantations was scarce.

An evil hour, an hour most unfortunate for Crusoe.

Page 47. *The date*, an example of Defoe's 'verisimilitude' is seen in the exact and definite date.

• *Hull*, a seaport on the Humber in Yorkshire. Crusoe was born at York, some miles inland from Hull, and ran off as a lad to the seaport-town and joined a ship sailing to London.

The Line; the Equator.

The northern latitudes; the position of a ship at sea is defined by reference to what are called the lines of Longitude and Latitude. The latter run, as it were, parallel to the Equator. Thus Crusoe means that the ship was in the Atlantic Ocean north of the Equator.

Hurricane, a sudden and violent storm.

Quite out of our knowledge; we had no idea where we were.

Together, in succession.

Drive, let the ship go where the wind blew it.

Swallowed up, drowned, and the vessel wrecked. • The phrase is one of the very many that are first found in the English Bible. English literature is saturated with these phrases; so that a knowledge of the language of the Bible is demanded of every earnest student of English literature.

The weather abating, the storm subsiding.

Made an observation; the 'master' or captain of a ship checks or ascertains the position of the vessel by 'taking the sun', that is, he has an instrument that enables him to calculate where he is by reference to the sun's position. This is done at noon each day.

Guiana, on the north-east coast of South America, north of Brazil.

Amazon, the largest river in South America, and one of the greatest in the world. To this day it has not been completely explored.

N. W. by W., north-west by west; that is, not exactly north-west, but to the west of that direction.

Our English Islands, in the West Indies.

Relief, Crusoe means that he hoped to find there a port in which to seek shelter and effect the necessary repairs.

Determined, with the ordinary meaning of 'fixed', and the older root meaning of 'brought to an end' as well.

The way of all human commerce; i.e., the trade routes followed by all ships. These are largely fixed by the prevailing winds.

Page 48. *Savages*, the natives of the West Indian Islands and Central America were wild men called Caribs.

One of our men, the look-out at the bow of the ship.

At our stern, fastened by a rope to the stern of the ship, and being towed along.

Staved, had her ribs broken. The ribs or staves are the curved wooden planks of the boat.

The mate, the second in command. He executes the captain's orders, and is the practical man on the ship.

A league, about three nautical miles.

Page 49. *To make on*, to hurry quickly.

Deliver me, free me.

Page 50. *Fetched*, made. 'I took a short run.'

In a case, in circumstances

.Not fellows ; the shoes were not of the one pair
Another example of the details introduced by Defoe to give verisimilitude to his narrative.

Page 51. *Offered to my thoughts*, occurred to me.

Page 52. *Forecastle*, the large room or cabin in the bows of a ship in which the crew sleep.

Extremity, great need.

Spars, on which the sails were hung.

Page 53. *Cordial waters*, rare wines and spirits; liqueurs.

Skipper, the captain, or master. It is a Dutch word. Many nautical terms have come from the Dutch language into English, because in the seventeenth century the Dutch were foremost in sea-trade.

Stowed, placed carefully.

Flow, the opposite of 'ebb.' The tide had begun to 'come in'

Page 54. *My eye was more upon*, I was much more eager to find.

Fowling-pieces, guns, now out of date and old-fashioned, for bird-shooting.

It wanted but . . there was the greatest likelihood of all the cargo slipping off the raft into the water.

Page 54. *Thrust off*, push clear of the shoal.

Page 55. *Continent*, of South America.

Affliction, mental affliction, grief.

Page 56. *Hammock*, a hanging bed made of canvas or netting ; much used by sailors.

Page 57. *At low water*, when the tide was out.

Hogshead, a large barrel or cask.

I was fain to go, I had no alternative but to wade.

Page 58. *Had the calm weather held*, if the good weather had continued longer.

Locker, a receptacle with lock and key, for stowing away garments, etc., in the cabin.

Pieces of eight, Spanish coins called 'reals'.

Drug, the word is used in the sense of something useless, as in the phrase 'a drug on the market.'

No manner of use. Students must be careful not to employ in ordinary composition the slightly archaic phrases occasionally found in Defoe. His is the English of the early eighteenth century, which naturally differs somewhat from twentieth century phraseology and idiom.

A fresh gale, a very strong steady breeze.

The wind off shore, the breeze blowing from the shore towards the wreck, and therefore against him.

Page 59. *Channel*, the stretch of sea between the wreck and the shore.

Unwholesome, not healthy.

Page 60. *Green*, the small grassy plain.

N.-W., north-west.

• **Page 61.** *The rains*, the rainy season, corresponding to the Indian monsoon.

Fain, gladly.

Page 62. *Poll*, or *Polly*, the common name for a tame parrot.

*Articulate*ly, clearly; every word pronounced distinctly.

Had a great mind, was very desirous.

All spent, all finished, exhausted.

Forget the Sabbath Days. He is thinking of God's commandment to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

A PAPER FROM THE SPECTATOR

Addison (1672-1719) and Steele (1672-1729) produced the *Spectator* essays.

The fashion in such periodicals had been set by Defoe in the *Review* (see page 173) and Steele, acting, it is said, upon the suggestion of Swift, the famous author of *Gulliver's Travels*, devised first the *Tatler* and afterwards its more celebrated successor. The papers were not intended to be purely political, although the Whig point of view was sometimes ventilated. They satirized gently the fashions of the time, indulged in literary criticism, and discussed any number of other things. One of the most important things they did was to give us, in the Coverley

Papers, something that can be called a novel in embryo. The idea of the old country Knight, Sir Roger, was Steele's, but Addison developed it, and this extract is by him.

Joseph Addison was an Oxford man, and was indeed a Fellow of Magdalen for some time. Although his fame rests chiefly on his work in these periodicals, he also wrote a poem called the *Campaign*, celebrating the victory of Marlborough in the battle of Blenheim. Later he held high office under Government.

Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator are members of the same club in London, and have become friends. Sir Roger is, however, a country Squire of the best kind; and it is at his country house that we get this characteristic picture of him.

Page 63. *To form several of my ensuing speculations; to write several of the contributions to the Spectator which will follow from time to time.*

Humour, mood and temperament; a common meaning of the word, e.g., in Ben Jonson's *Every man in his humour*.

In years; advanced in age.

Page 64. *Pad*, riding-horse.

Ancient, old, advanced in years.

Page 65. *Engages everybody to him*, makes him universally loved. Cf. 'an engaging disposition.'

Concern, anxiety.

Extravagance, singularity, peculiarity, some quality beyond (Latin 'extra') others.

Ordinary colours, i.e., as seen in people generally.

Insulted with Latin and Greek. He did not wish to have his guests making quotations from these languages which he would be unable to understand.

Backgammon, a popular indoor game with draughts men and dice for two persons.

Endowments, qualifications.

The Parsonage of the Parish. Sir Roger had in his gift the appointment of the clergyman of the district or parish. A *parish* is an ecclesiastical sub-division of a County.

Page 66. *Digested*, put them into an orderly and logical sequence.

Practical divinity. The sermons inculcated religious truths which would be of immediate benefit to the hearers.

Page 67. *Circuit*. The judge had a certain district which he toured, holding his Assizes in the various towns in turn. The local honorary magistrates were associated with him on the bench.

Page 68. *That great appearance*, the idea is of the dignified ceremonial of the Court.

In some pain, worried as to how he would acquit himself.

The man of the house, the inn-keeper.

Page 69. *Under a Duke*, of lower rank than a duke

Aggravation, adding a few touches to minimize the likeness.

Discovering, showing, displaying.

Page 70. *Conjuring me*, very earnestly requesting me.

Much might be said. This phrase is one of Sir Roger's own, and used frequently by him. It is characteristic of the old Knight, revealing his wide tolerance and respect for other peoples' opinions; a mark of true citizenship.

THE NEWSPAPER

See note on *Citizenship*, page 167.

Page 71. *Manufactures*, fabricates.

Dissemination, sowing, spreading ; from the Latin *dis*, apart and *semen*, seed.

Booming, concentrating the attention on a particular thing.

Page 72. *Sing the praises*, refer continually to the person in terms of praise.

Coerced, forced, influenced.

Page 73. *Breadth, i. e.*, of view ; to include different shades of opinion.

Milton, the great English poet of the 17th century. His dates are 1608 to 1674, and his chief works *Paradise Lost*, *Samson Agonistes*, *Paradise Regained*, *Comus*, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*. This view of censorship

appears in his prose pamphlet *Areopagitica*, a plea for unlicensed printing.

•Page 74. *Utopian*. Sir Thomas More wrote a book in the 16th century (1516) which he called *Utopia* from the Greek for 'no place'. In it he describes an imaginary island with a perfect social and political system.

A TALE FROM SCOTT

The story of the lost heir of Ellangowan is the subject of Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering*.

Scott, who was born in 1771 and died in 1832, was attached to the romantic incidents in the history of his native country of Scotland in his boyhood, during which time he lived chiefly in the interesting Scottish Border district where every castle, hill, and river had its story. His training as a lawyer only served to increase his knowledge of, and interest in, the past; so that when he began to weave narratives about the stirring events of his native land he brought to his task both enthusiasm and accurate learning. Although his fame rests chiefly on his Novels, it must never be forgotten that Scott was also a great poet. In the words of Professor Saintsbury ;—"The student, however far he pursues his studies, will never keep the right road if he allows himself to think Scott an inferior poet."

The poetry came first. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which was inspired by Coleridge's *Christabel*, appeared in 1805, and was followed by *Marmion*, *the Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, *the Lord of the Isles*, etc. These are romances in verse, and they contain some admirable lyrics like *Yeung*

Lochinvar, *Brignall Banks*, and *Proud Maisie*, of the last of which Palgrave says: "Scott has given us nothing more complete and lovely than this little song, which unites simplicity and dramatic power to a wild-wood music of the rarest quality."—But the publication of Byron's *Childe Harold* persuaded Scott that a greater poet than he had arisen, and made him turn to prose fiction.

Waverley, the first of the *Waverley Novels*, appeared in 1814, to be followed by *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, and others dealing with Scottish history. English history is treated in *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Woodstock*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and foreign in *Quentin Durward*, *the Talisman*, and so on. Unlike most of the novels *Guy Mannering* has no basis of historical truth, but gives none the less a vivid picture of life in the south west of Scotland and in Edinburgh during the middle years of the 18th century. The tale of romantic love gives Scott scope for the introduction of his favourite characters, the mysterious and wild Gipsy, the daring Smuggler, the honest open-hearted Countryman, and the immortal Dominie, who belongs to no class. The novel has one of the characteristics of Richardson's work, as the story proceeds partly by letters. Scott has not only succeeded in telling a good story, but has also fitted it admirably with suitable local colour.

Page 75. *Guy Mannering*, the name suggests at once a noble and ancient English family, and the owner of the name as possessing a good deal of pride of birth.

Bittern, a long-legged wading bird rather smaller than a heron, with a booming note.

• *The tides* ; the tides of the Solway Firth are very dangerous on account of the rapidity with which they rise.

• **Page 76.** *A man of business*, an agent or factor
His name was Glossin.

• *Pedlars*, travelling merchants, of whom Autolycus, in Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale," is a classical example.

• *Gipsies* ; a singular race of vagrants, described minutely by George Borrow in his novels. Their language has a certain affinity with the Indian vernaculars, and points to the gipsy tribes having come originally from the East. The women told fortunes, the men were skilled in sport and good with animals. Scott has introduced such characters frequently into his novels in order to heighten the romance.

• *Roosted*. The idea is that they found sleeping quarters anywhere about the sheds and outhouses.

• *The nativity*, the scheme of the child's life, calculated from the position of the stars. Otherwise his *Horoscope*.

• **Page 77.** *Dominie*, from the Latin 'dominus', lord. The title was usually bestowed upon the village school master in Scotland.

• *Isle of man*, an island in the Irish Sea, to the south of Scotland. It was independent in ancient times, and its own language, called Manx, still exists.

• **Page 78.** *Ta'en him*, betaken himself, departed.

• *Prophesiea*; the gipsies were held to possess the gift of prophecy.

The rounds of the pedlar, who had a regular circuit of trade.

Page 78. *Smugglers*, daring men who brought dutiable articles from the ports on the Continent to Scotland and England, and sold them to the inhabitants without paying the Government duty. They were said to 'run their cargoes' as they evaded the preventive officers. Like the gipsies, they breathe the air of Romance which Scott loved.

Affected, displayed publicly, or pretended to show.

Page 78. *To harbour*, to have their permanent home, to live in safety.

The decrepit, enfeebled through age.

Lagged, loitered.

Page 80. *A sibyl*, a prophetess.

Ride your ways; a Scottish idiom for 'continue your journey.'

Hearths; the fire upon the hearth is the symbol of home-life.

Riven, torn.

Cottar houses, small cottages or huts. The gipsy does not pretend that her folk were 'cottars', but that their dwellings were similar.

Roof-tree, the central beam of the roof. If it falls the house collapses.

Shealings, a poetical word, from Icelandic 'skjol' a shelter, introduced by Scott to get away from the common-place ; it means 'huts'.

Page 80. *The hare does not couch*, meaning that the house would be a ruin and desolate. The timid hare would not come near an occupied house.

Braw, brave, fine, splendid.

. *Bonnie*, like 'braw', a Scotticism ; it means 'pretty.'

Caravan, the procession of gipsy carts and animals

Page 81. *For the love of life*; merely an interjectional phrase meaning 'I earnestly implore you', 'I beseech you'.

Old fox. The metaphor taken from the popular sport of fox hunting.

Lugger, a small vessel with lug (*i. e.*, four-cornered) sails.

Tacking, sailing in zig-zags against the wind.

Indulge him; give him pleasure.

Dinner-time; about mid-day.

Assumed spontaneously. The Dominie invariably speaks in a learned strain. He means 'had taken the child with him without asking leave'.

Page 82. *Tarried*. Another of the Dominie's mannerisms is the use of Biblical words, not generally employed in conversation.

Rampaging, running hither and thither aimlessly and excitedly.

Cast, tone, appearance.

Suspicion hesitated. People did not know whether to suspect the gipsies or the smugglers.

Page 83. *She had escaped.* It was usual for a smuggling vessel to have a 'consort' or companion vessel which would come to the assistance of the other. In this case the consort stole up the next night and rescued the stranded men.

Apprehended, arrested.

Holland. The Dutch were a daring race of sailors, competing with the English in maritime trade, and gaining the supremacy for some time in the seventeenth century.

Page 84. *The East Indies,* where the Dutch had trade settlements in the 18th century. Scott refers to the posts in India, although we associate the Dutch now with Java and thereabouts.

To make a fortune in commerce, like Clive, (see page 115).

Earned a commission, was appointed an officer.

Aristocratic Colonel. Mannering's ancestors had played their part nobly in the history of England, and his family had been famous from the time of the Crusades.

Page 85. *Sated,* fully satisfied.

Sylph-like form, a dainty and beautiful fairy like figure.

A lack-lustre eye, a dull and unintelligent glance.

Page 86. *Not so much himself,* not sufficiently in possession of his senses.

Dolour, grief.

Page 87. *A ball for fortune.* He had not been a favourite of fortune.

Rises higher. Misfortune did not discourage him.

Page 87. *Open heath*, a wide stretch of moorland.

Page 88. *Cumberland.* The English county on the southern shore of the Solway Firth and bordering Scotland.

Free carriage ; one knew him to be an athletic and active young man from the way he strode along and held himself.

Liddesdale, one of the river valleys in the south of Scotland.

Dumfries, the Scottish county or shire bordering Cumberland.

Galloway, the old name of the whole south-west district of Scotland. It was originally an independent kingdom.

Page 89. *Troth*, truly.

Quits all scores, pays all debts. She would not nourish ill-will against a dead man. So the Romans said: "De mortuis nul nisi bonum"; of the dead nothing but good.

Goodwife, my good woman.

Knave-bairn, male child ; the old meaning of 'knave' is boy.

Page 90. *Without emotion*, without his feelings being stirred.

A round pace ; he walked quickly and steadily.

Page 92. *Reconnoitre*, to find out all that was to be known about the position of affairs at Woodbourne.

A large building, the ruined castle of Ellangowan.

Page 93. *Boons*, requests.

Page 95. *Asperity*, in a harsh, rough, curt tone.

Was confirmed, had received definite information.

Page 96. *His own precipitate adoption*. He was angry with himself because he had believed the story without troubling to verify it.

Conjuring her, praying that she would.

Like it of all things, prefer it most of all.

Page 97. *Divest myself of*, get rid of.

Page 98. *Formal*, in order. The information had been supplied by the village inn-keeper, when Bertram disappeared after shooting Hazlewood.

Page 99. *Dykes*. The dyke in Scotland is a wall of roughly-dressed stones.

Page 101. *Stormed*, captured by assault.

Our mark, the person for whom we are searching. Glossin had plotted with the smugglers to have Bertram moved out of the way.

Felled, knocked him down.

Page 102. *To repair*, atone for.

Page 104. *The rise*, the high bank.

Page 105. *Informing on them*, supplying information to the police about them, which would lead to their arrest.

Page 107. *Prospero*, in the play of *The Tempest* by Shakespeare (see page 31).

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

See Note on page 167.

Page 108. *Renaissance*, the Revival of Learning in Europe during the 16th century, due partly to the expulsion to the western countries from Constantinople of learned students by the Turks, partly to the growing spirit of nationalism, partly to the development of civic government in the great towns of Lombardy, Flanders and Germany.

Florence, one of the greatest of the cities of the Middle Ages ; in the north of Italy, on the river Arno.

Dante, the great Italian poet and patriot. His finest work is the *Divine Comedy*.

Erasmus, whose name is associated with the Reformers of the 16th century. Read *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

Henry IV, called Henry of Navarre, a Huguenot who became a Catholic when he ascended the throne of France, and tried hard to bring the bitter religious wars and quarrels to an end.

Sully. Henry's celebrated adviser and minister.

Page 109. *Penn*, a famous American of early days after whom the State of Pennsylvania is named.

Rousseau, whose writings did much to bring about the French Revolution.

The Hague, the capital of Holland.

Page 109. *The Dogger Bank incident* : a British fishing fleet was fired upon by a Russian warship. The Dogger Bank is a favourite fishing area in the North Sea.

Page 110. *Geneva*, in Switzerland.

The poet, Lord Tennyson; cf. note on page 169. The quotation this time is from the poem *Locksley Hall*.

Note

At the date of going to press, (March 1926) the entry of Germany, though considered certain, has not actually taken place.

A PAGE FROM MACAULAY

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay (1800—1859) is celebrated in literature for his poems, of which the *Lays of Ancient Rome* are the best-known, although *The Jacobite's Epitaph* and *The Last Buccaneer* are perhaps the best; for his essays, on Milton, Clive, Warren Hastings, and other historical and literary subjects; and for his famous History of England. His work is remarkable for the simple style, often antithetic, which he employs. He copies Defoe's love of detail to supply an air of verisimilitude; there are frequent allusions to history and literature; everything is clear and definite, so that his works are very readable. He marshals facts skilfully, but does not pause to analyse motives. His pictures are clear, but they have no softness. His detail and circumstantiality are often for the sake of effect, his colour is excessive, even gaudy. There is no rhythm in his style. But he can tell a tale directly and in a straightforward way; and in his pages we are told something striking "about many of the most celebrated personages and interesting events in the history of mankind", as Lord Morley has said. It is only after an independent

study of the subject that one discovers Macaulay to be biassed and one-sided.

This extract from the *Essay on Clive* reveals most of these characteristics in the brilliant sketch of that meteoric figure in Indian history.

Macaulay was born near Leicester, his father being a descendant of Presbyterian clergymen and his mother a Quakeress. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was elected to a Fellowship there in 1824. He was remarkable for his retentive memory, but not for systematic scholarship; and his tastes were in the direction of Politics and Literature. The *Essay on Milton* appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, and was followed by other Essays at intervals. He entered Parliament in 1839. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* came three years later. His *History of England* appeared in 1848, and achieved an immediate popularity. He was made a peer in 1857.

Page 111. *New masters*, the various Viceroy, who held their commissions from the Mughal Emperors, became independent when the Mughal Empire was broken up; and when strong enough they retained their possessions against Persian invaders, Afghan marauders, Rajput warriors, Sikhs, Mahrattas.

Carnatic, the country round Madras, from Cape Comorin to the River Kistna.

Corrupted, changed to a form more easily pronounced by English speakers.

Pretenders, claimants to the sovereignty.

Unsettled State of Indian Law. Macaulay had written, a few paragraphs earlier that 'the situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty; and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion, by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the west and analogies drawn from the feudal system.'

Something like a claim, a plausible case; and apparently good claim.

Dupleix, the French Governor of Pondicherry, who conceived very ambitious schemes for his nation and himself, in India. He treated with indignity the English Servants of the East India Company after the capture of Madras by the French. His plan was to exercise sovereignty in India through some puppet who would be the nominal ruler; but the rise of Clive destroyed these pleasant dreams.

Page 112. *Arcot*, about sixty miles inland from Madras.

The Eloquence of Burke. Edmund Burke, the "most literary of English orators", born in Ireland 1729, died 1797. His eloquence was directed against Warren Hastings in the instance mentioned (see Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, where he refers to Burke's "amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior

to "every orator, ancient or modern.") His attack upon the French revolutionaries in *Thoughts on the Present Discontent* is one of his best-known works. One thinks of Burke as always inspired by zeal for justice and a high conception of duty.

Pondicherry on the coast, to the south of Madras.

Page 112. *Te Deum*, the opening words of one of the greatest and most ancient Latin anthems of the Church, sung on all occasions of national thanksgiving. The fuller title is *Te Deum Laudamus*, meaning "We praise thee, O God."

River Kristna, the northern boundary of the Carnatic. See above, Page 105

Cape Comorin, the southern limit of the Carnatic, and most southerly point of India.

Page 113. *Mint*, the place where money is coined by public authority.

Coffers, the private board.

Emolument, remuneration from office.

Ratified, approved and confirmed, sanctioned.

Chambers of the Palace of Delhi, where the titular sovereigns, descendants of the great Mughals, "sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded palaces, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons", in Macaulay's words. It would be a difficult matter for the fame of any ordinary man to reach the ear of these sovereigns.

Page 114. *Column*, a pillar or obelisk.

Pompous, boasting, vain-glorious.

Rival Company, the French Trading Company, corresponding to the British East India Company.

Major Lawrence. In command of the forces at Madras, and considered the ablest officer in India.

Fort St. George, *i. e.*, Madras.

Page 115. *Commissary*, the officer in charge of stores and equipment.

Trichinopoly, on the River Cauvery, about midway between Madras and Cape Comorin.

The house of, i. e., the dynasty of.

The siege would be raised, the town would be relieved by the English.

Page 116. *Throw up works*, erect defences, earth works, etc.

Swollen, i. e., in numbers.

Invest, surround on all sides and besiege.

Page 117. *Breach*, in the defensive walls.

Extraction, descent, lineage, race.

The Tenth Legion of Cæsar; in the Roman army the regiments were called Legions. This particular Legion greatly distinguished itself under Julius Cæsar during his campaigns in western Europe. Its soldiers were picked men, like Napoleon's Old Guard, and similarly famed for valour and loyalty.

Napoleon, Napoléon Bonaparte, the great French Emperor, who rose to power just after the Revolution, and was at one time master of Europe. He was finally defeated in 1815 at Waterloo. In that battle the Old Guard, held in reserve, made a last despairing effort to break the English line. They were the best soldiers in the army.

Gruel, a thin soup from meal or grain.

A commanding mind, i.e., Clive's.

Page 118. *Storm the fort*, capture it by direct assault.

Page 119. *The Prophet of God*, Mahomet.

Given up the ghost, died.

The Garden of the Houris, in the Muhammanadan Paradise. Houris are the nymphs of that place.

Bang, intoxicant made from hemp.

Page 120. *Transports of joy*, rapturous joy.

French troops, these were trained and experienced soldiers, and thus more valuable than the comparatively untrained sepoys.

Page 122. *Under a spell*. He had fascinated or charmed them into his power by his marvellous successes

Second Post, as second in command.

Coadjutor, helper, assistant.

Page 123. *Captain Bobadil*, the braggart military man held up to ridicule by Ben Jonson (1574-1637), the Elizabethan dramatist, in the Comedy called *Every Man in his Humour*.

Page 124. *Capitulate*, to surrender on certain conditions.

Resources, in money and men.

Employers in Europe, those who controlled the French Company's policy in the East.

Countenance. They did not admit that he was carrying out their wishes.

Sweepings of the galleys, the worst men from the prisons of France. French criminals were sentenced to a term of service in a galley, a large vessel propelled by oars.

Diplomas, documents authorizing him to act.

OLIVER TWIST

Charles Dickens (1812—1870) had a hard life as a boy, and did not receive a regular education. His first attempt at literature was his *Sketches by Boz*, half essay and half story. Next came the immortal *Pickwick Papers* (1837), followed the year after by *Oliver Twist*. Some of his other stories are *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, and *David Copperfield*, the last having a good deal of autobiographical matter in it. Two of his novels are historical, *Barnaby Rudge* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. In his sketches of character Dickens delights in exaggeration and extravagance, as in Giles, Brittles, and Dr. Losberne, in this extract. The novels themselves often attempt to reveal, and by so doing ameliorate, social conditions: for instance, the evils of the workhouse system, in *Oliver Twist*,

Page 125. *Chertsey*, a village less than twenty miles to the southwest of London.

Late hour ; it was half past one in the morning.

Page 126. *Well nigh mad*. Oliver came of good stock, and had an instinctive hatred of crime.

Ashy face. Oliver had the pale, half-starved face of the workhouse child. Now the pallor was heightened by terror.

Sikes. Bill, or William Sikes, is the ferocious burglar, who later adds to his other crimes the murder of the girl Nancy. By a fine touch Dickens makes his dog faithful to him to the end.

Page 126. *Toby*; Toby Crackit was the accomplice of Sikes.

A crack, a blow.

Scullery, a small room adjoining the kitchen in which pots and dishes are washed and kept.

Mr. Sikes's art, i.e., housebreaking.

Page 127. *Dark lantern* ; a lantern which has a shutter to shut off the light when not required.

Hall ; the chamber or passage at the entrance to a house.

Page 129. *Apace*; speedily.

Dull hue ; the first light of day.

Leafless. All the details suggest a dull, cheerless winter morning in England.

Bed of clay ; he was lying in a field.

Creeping, persistent and increasing.

Page 131. *Portico*; a small pillared porch at the entrance to the house.

Sundries, an assortment of eatables.

Recruiting themselves, reinvigorating themselves

Page 132. *Fender*, the piece of furniture, usually made of iron, placed in front of the fire to keep the ashes within the hearth.

I wouldn't swear. Mr. Giles means that he is not quite certain.

Page 132. *Busting*, *i. e.*, bursting, an explosive noise as of a door being forced open.

More like. According to Brittles the noise was like that made by rubbing a piece of iron along a rough surface; and, being a house servant he naturally thinks of a nut-meg grater in this connection. It is the incongruity of the thought that provides the humour.

Page 133. *Lor*, *i. e.*, Lord, an exclamation commonly used by the lower classes.

Apparent, *i. e.*, clearly. Mr. Giles is not perfect in grammar.

Plate-basket, the basket in which the silver table utensils were put away after use.

We're dead men; we are certain to be killed shortly.

Page 134. *Plucking up*, beginning to feel more courageous on seeing the fear displayed by the women, and hearing them candidly confess their fear.

Page 135. *Capitulated*, yielded.

Page 136. *Lugged*; dragged.

Tinker, an itinerant mender of pots and pans.

Page 137. *Old servant*. The loyal and faithful old servant appears frequently in the novels of Dickens. We find him depicted also by Addison (page 63).

Elegance, here means being in correct modern taste.

Page 138. *Laboured under*, was fully conscious of
To point, to make more striking.

Page 138. *Cast*; with an appearance and figure so dainty and beautiful. It is a metaphor; literally to cast in a mould, a familiar process in the manufacture of steel. A metaphor ought to illustrate the meaning as a picture illustrates a book.

Page 139. *Her age*, her time, century.

Sweetness. Cf. the corresponding picture of a pure and innocent maiden by Chaucer (page 2) and again by Shakespeare (page 31).

Offices, the various acts associated with serving breakfast.

Artless, innocent.

Blessed spirits She would have added to the happiness of those who are already supremely happy in Heaven.

By the by, speaking in parenthesis, leaving the narrative for a moment.

Page 140. *Gig*, a light, two-wheeled, one-horse vehicle.

Drawing up, bringing forward.

Gentlemen in the housebreaking way, a humorous euphemism for burglars.

Twopenny Post. *Oliver Twist* was written in 1838 before the introduction of the penny post.

Putting to rights, replacing the cups and other articles which had been scattered by the Doctor's collision with the table.

Page 141. *Twelve paces*, the customary distance between two duellists who fight with pistols.

Good living, plenty of food and luxuries. The phrase sometime means 'a moral life', but not so here.

Eccentric, the dominant quality of many of Dickens's characters.

Page 142. *Flat box*, containing the doctor's instruments. He had to set a broken arm.

Page 143. *Permit me*, offering the young lady his arm as he is speaking.

Page 144. *He had never known*. He had been reared in the workhouse.

Scenes that never were in this life. Wordsworth has treated the same idea in his *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, e. g.,

“ But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :

Whither is fled the visionary gleam:

Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

• To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

• **Page 145.** *A fair outside*; cf. Bassanio's speech in *The Merchant of Venice*. (iii, ii.) :

" So may the outward shows be least themselves."

• **Page 145.** *The grave of*. Once imprisoned as a criminal the boy would find it almost impossible to reform.

• **Page 146.** *Frowning fighfully*, one of the worthy doctor's eccentricities.

• **Page 149.** *Their after-vengeance*, on the Day of Judgment, when we shall be judged by God according to our deeds in this world. This is an example of Dickens's didactic writing.

• *Loveliness and Virtue* ; the abstract for the concrete, 'the lovely and virtuous young girl watched by his bedside.'

A CHAPTER IN INDIA'S HISTORY

There are many good books on India's constitutional advance, which may profitably be consulted by the student. One of the most recent is *The Political System of British India*, by E. A. Horne, from which many of the facts in this chapter are taken. An interesting document on the subject is the *Report of the Reforms Enquiry Committee*, issued in 1924, and containing both the Majority and Minority Reports. It is published by Government.

Page 150. *Mughal Emperors*, Babar and his descendants, of the House of Tamerlane. Their power waned after the death of Aurungzebe in 1707.

Sweeping victories of Clive, narrated in No. 10, *A Page from Macaulay*, page 115.

Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of Bengal, is the subject of one of Macaulay's finest Essays. He was born in 1732 and died in 1818. Macaulay's verdict upon him is:

"Those who look on his character without favour or malevolence will pronounce that, in the two great elements of social virtue, in respect for the rights of others, and in sympathy for the sufferings of others, he was deficient. His principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But though we cannot with truth describe him either as a righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect, his rare talents for command for administration, and for controversy, his dauntless courage, his honourable poverty, his fervent zeal for the interests of the state, his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either "

Page 151. *Tentatively*, as if feeling the way.

Charter; the Acts which renewed the privileges of the East India Company were passed in 1793, 1813, 1833, 1853.

First Reform Act, of the year 1832. This was the outcome of a prolonged and exhaustive examination

of the principles of popular government. Constitutional advance is, and must be, slow.

Page 152. *Said territories, i. e.*, those administered by the East India Company.

Be disabled from, be considered not fitted to hold, or ineligible for an office.

Lord Dufferin, Minto. Lord Dufferin and the Earl of Minto were Viceroys of India. *Morley* was a famous Liberal statesman who occupied the post of Secretary of State for India at the time.

Page 157. *The Law Courts* ; by an oversight the action of the President of a Provincial Council remained subject to interference by the High Court. In Bengal the President of the Bengal Legislative Council had to submit to the control of the local High Court in the matter of a certain resolution. This anomaly was removed by special legislation

Meston ; Lord Meston was Governor of the United Provinces just before the 1919 reforms.

